Cook sc.

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BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

DONNE Vol. I.

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2

POETICAL WORKS

OF

Dr. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

DONNE! the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,
Who to thy one all other brains refuse;
Whose every work of thy most early wit
Came forth example, and remains so yet;
Longer a knowing than most wits do live,
And which no affection praise enough can give;
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I meant to praise, and yet I would,
But leave because I cannot as I should.

BEN. JOHNSON.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

POE[illegible]

MAHARAJA SERFO[illegible] THE TANJORE [illegible] MAHAL [illegible]

DR. JOH[illegible] D[illegible]NE,

DEAN O[illegible] [illegible]UL'S, LONDON.

CONTAINING HIS

SATIRES AND EPITHALAMIONS.

I will not draw the envy to engroſs
All thy perfections, or weep all our loſs;
Thoſe are too num'rous for an elegie,
And this too great to be expreſs'd by me.
Tho' ev'ry pen ſhould ſhare a diſtinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the reſt; it ſhall ſuffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph inciſe:
Here lies a king that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The univerſal monarchy of wit:
Here lie two flamens, and both thoſe the beſt,
Apollo's firſt, at laſt the true God's prieſt.

THO. CARY.

EDINBURG:

[illegible]ic Preſs, BY THE MAR[illegible]NS.

Anno 1779.

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ODE.

I.

Vengeance will ſit above our faults;
She there do ſit
We ſee her not nor them. blind, yet
We lead her way; and thus whilſt we do ill
We ſuffer it.

II.

Unhappy he whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill:
Enough we labour under age and care
In number th' errors of the laſt p
The greateſt ſtill.

III.

Yet we, that ſhould the ill w begin
As ſoon repent,
(Strange thing!) percei r faults are not ſeen,
But paſt us; neither felt, ly in
The puniſhment.

But we know ourſelves le ; mere outward ſhows
Our minds ſo ſtore,
That our ſouls, no more than our eyes, diſcloſe
But form and colour: only he who knows
Himſelf knows more.

1716

Dr. JOHN DONNE.

Mr. John Donne was born in London, of virtuous parents; and though his own learning and other multiplied merits may justly appear sufficient to dignify both himself and his posterity, yet the reader may be pleased to know that his father was lineally descended from a very ancient family in Wales, where many of his name now live, that deserve and have great reputation in that country.

By his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, sometime Lord Chancellor of England; as also from that worthy and laborious Judge Rastall, who left posterity the vast statutes of the law of this nation most exactly abridged.

He had his first breeding in his father's house, where a private tutor had the care of him, until the ninth year of his age, and in his tenth year was sent to the university of Oxford, having at that time a good command both of the French and Latin tongue. This, and some other of his remarkable abilities, made one give this censure of him, That this age had brought forth another Picus Mirandula, of whom story says, that he was rather born than made wise by study.

There he remained in Hart-Hall, having, for the advancement of his studies, tutors of several sciences to attend and instruct him, till time made him capable,

[illegible] expressed in public exercises, declared [illegible]ing to receive his first degree in the schools, [illegible] worthy, forbore by advice from his friends, who, [illegible] he of their religion of the Romish persuasion, were [illegible]ingly averse to some parts of the oath that is [illegible]ways tendered at those times, and not to be refused [illegible] those that expect the titulary honour of their studies.

About the fourteenth year of his age he was transplanted from Oxford to Cambridge, where, that he might receive nourishment from both soils, he staid till his seventeenth year; all which time he was a most laborious student, often changing his studies, but endeavouring to take no degree, for the reasons formerly mentioned.

About the seventeenth year of his age he was removed to London, and then admitted into Lincoln's-Inn, with an intent to study the law, where he gave great testimonies of his wit, his learning, and of his improvement, in that profession, which never served him for other use than an ornament and self-satisfaction.

His father died before his admission into this society; and, being a merchant, left him his portion in money, (it was 3000 *l.*) His mother, and those to whose care he was committed, were watchful to improve his knowledge, and to that end appointed him tutors in the mathematics, and all the liberal sciences, to attend him; but with these arts they were advised to instil particular principles of the Romish church, of wh[illegible]

those tutors professed, tho' secretly, themselves to be members.

They had almost obliged him to their faith, having for their advantage (besides many opportunities) the example of his dear and pious parents, which was a most powerful persuasion, and did work much upon him, as he professeth in his Preface to his Pseudo-Martyr, a book of which the reader shall have some account in what follows.

He was now entered into the eighteenth year of his age, and at that time had betrothed himself to no religion that might give him any other denomination than a Christian; and reason and piety had both persuaded him that there could be no such sin as schism, if an adherence to some visible church were not necessary.

He did, therefore, at his entrance into the nineteenth year of his age, (tho' his youth and strength then promised him a long life) yet being unresolved in his religion, he thought it necessary to rectify all scruples that concerned that; and therefore waving the law, and betrothing himself to no art or profession that might justly denominate him, he begun to survey the body of divinity, as it was then controverted betwixt the Reformed and the Roman church; and as God's blessed Spirit did then awaken him to the search, and in that industry did never forsake him, (they be his own words, in his Preface to Pseudo-Martyr) so he calls

the fame holy Spirit to witnefs this proteftation, that in that difquifition and fearch he proceeded with humility and diffidence in himfelf, and by that which he took to be the fafeft way, namely, frequent prayers, and an indifferent affection to both parties; and indeed Truth had too much light about her to be hid from fo fharp an inquirer, and he had too much ingenuity not to acknowledge he had found her.

Being to undertake this fearch, he believed the Cardinal Bellarmine to be the beft defender of the Roman caufe, and therefore betook himfelf to the examination of his reafons. The caufe was weighty, and wilful delays had been inexcufable both towards God and his own confcience; he therefore proceeded in this fearch with all moderate hafte, and before the twentieth year of his age did fhew the then Dean of Gloucefter (whofe name my memory hath now loft) all the Cardinal's works marked with many weighty obfervations under his own hand, which works were bequeathed by him at his death as a legacy to a moft dear friend.

The year following he refolved to travel, and the Earl of Effex going firft to Calais, and after the Ifland voyages, he took the advantage of thofe opportunities, waited upon his Lordfhip, and was an eye-witnefs of thofe happy and unhappy employments.

But he returned not back into England till he had ftaid fome years firft in Italy, and then in Spain, where

he made many useful obfervations of thofe countries, their laws, and manner of government, and returned perfect in their languages.

The time that he fpent in Spain was at his firft going into Italy defigned for travelling the Holy Land, and for viewing Jerufalem and the fepulchre of our Saviour; but at his being in the furtheft parts of Italy, the difappointment of company, or of a fafe convoy, or the uncertainty of returns of money into thofe remote parts, denied him that happinefs, which he did often occafionally mention with a deploration.

Not long after his return into England, that exemplary pattern of gravity and wifdom, the Lord Ellefmore, then Keeper of the Great Seal, and Lord Chancellor of England, taking notice of his learning, languages, and other abilities, and much affecting his perfon and condition, took him to be his chief Secretary, fuppofing and intending it to be an introduction to fome more weighty employment in the ftate, for which his Lordfhip did often proteft he thought him very fit.

Nor did his Lordfhip, in this time of Mr. Donne's attendance upon him, account him to be fo much his fervant as to forget he was his friend; and, to teftify it, did always ufe him with much courtefy, appointing him a place at his own table, to which he efteemed his company and difcourfe a great ornament.

He continued that employment for the fpace of five years, being daily ufeful, and not mercenary to

his friends; during which time he (I dare not say unhappily) fell into such a liking as, with her approbation, increased into a love, with a young gentlewoman that lived in that family, who was niece to the Lady Ellesmore, and daughter to Sir George Moor, then Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir George had some intimation of it, and knowing prevention to be a great part of wisdom, did therefore remove her with much haste from that to his own house at Lothesley, in the county of Surrey; but too late, by reason of some faithful promises, which were so interchangeably passed as never to be violated by either party.

These promises were only known to themselves, and the friends of both parties used much diligence and many arguments to kill or cool their affections to each other, but in vain; for love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds remove feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire: and such an industry did, notwithstanding much watchfulness against it, bring them secretly together, (I forbear to tell how) and to a marriage too, without the allowance of those friends whose approbation always was, and ever will be, necessary to make even a virtuous love become lawful.

And that the knowledge of their marriage might not fall like an unexpected tempest on those that were unwilling to have it so, but that pre-apprehensions might make it the less enormous, it was purposely whispered into the ears of many that it was so, yet by none that could attest it: but to put a period to the jealousies of Sir George, (doubt often begetting more restless thoughts than the certain knowledge of what we fear) the news was in favour to Mr. Donne, and with his allowance made known to Sir George by his honourable friend and neighbour Henry Earl of Northumberland; but it was to Sir George so immeasurably unwelcome, and so transported him, that, as tho' his passion of anger and inconsideration might exceed theirs of love and error, he presently engaged his sister, the Lady Elsemore, to join with him to procure her lord to discharge Mr. Donne of the place he held under his Lordship. This request was followed with violence; and tho' Sir George were remembered that errors might be overpunished, and desired therefore to forbear till second considerations might clear some scruples, yet he became restless until his suit was granted, and the punishment executed: and tho' the Lord Chancellor did not, at Mr. Donne's dismission, give him such a commendation as the great Emperor Charles V. did of his Secretary Eraso, when he presented him to his son and successor Philip II. saying, "That in his "Eraso he gave to him a greater gift than all his estate,

"and all the kingdoms which he then resigned to "him;" yet he said, "he parted with a friend, and "such a secretary as was fitter to serve a king than a "subject."

And yet this physic of Mr. Donne's dismission was not strong enough to purge out all Sir George's choler, for he was not satisfied till Mr. Donne and his some time compupil in Cambridge that married him, namely, Samuel Brook, (who was after doctor in divinity, and master of Trinity College) and his brother Mr. Christopher Brook, some time Mr. Donne's chamber-fellow in Lincoln's-Inn, who gave Mr. Donne his wife, and witnessed the marriage, were all committed, and to three several prisons.

Mr. Donne was first enlarged, who neither gave rest to his body or brain, nor to any friend in whom he might hope to have an interest, until he had procured an enlargement for his two imprisoned friends.

He was now at liberty, but his days were still cloudy; and being past these troubles, others did still multiply upon him; for his wife was (to her extreme sorrow) detained from him; and tho', with Jacob, he endured not an hard service for her, yet he lost a good one, and was forced to make good his title to her, and to get possession of her, by a long and restless suit in law, which proved troublesome and chargeable to him, whose youth, and travel, and needless bounty, had brought his estate into a narrow compass.

It is observed, and most truly, that silence and submission are charming qualities, and work most upon passionate men; and it proved so with Sir George; for these, and a general report of Mr. Donne's merits, together with his winning behaviour, (which, when it would entice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art) these and time had so dispassionated Sir George, that, as the world had approved his daughter's choice, so he also could not but see a more than ordinary merit in his new son; and this at last melted him into so much remorse, (for love and anger are so like agues as to have hot and cold fits, and love in parents, tho' it may be quenched, yet is easily rekindled, and expires not till death denies mankind a natural heat) that he laboured his son's restoration to his place, using to that end both his own and his sister's power to her lord; but with no success; for his answer was, "That tho' he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had "done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and "credit to discharge and readmit servants at the re-"quest of passionate petitioners."

Sir George's endeavour for Mr. Donne's readmission was by all means to be kept secret: (for men do more naturally reluct for errors than submit to put on those blemishes that attend their visible acknowledgment) but, however, it was not long before Sir George appeared to be so far reconciled as to wish their happiness, and not to deny them his paternal

blessing, but yet refused to contribute any means that might conduce to their livelihood.

Mr. Donne's estate was the greatest part spent in many and chargeable travels, books, and dear-bought experience; he out of all employment that might yield a support for himself and wife, who had been curiously and plentifully educated; both their natures generous, and accustomed to confer, and not to receive, courtesies: these, and other considerations, but chiefly that his wife was to bear a part in his sufferings, surrounded him with many sad thoughts, and some apparent apprehensions of want.

But his sorrows were lessened, and his wants prevented, by the seasonable courtesy of their noble kinsman Sir Francis Wolly of Pirford in Surrey, who entreated them to a cohabitation with him; where they remained with much freedom to themselves, and equal content to him, for many years; and as their charge increased, (she had yearly a child) so did his love and bounty.

It hath been observed by wise and considering men, that wealth hath seldom been the portion, and never the mark, to discover good people; but that almighty God, who disposeth all things wisely, hath, of his abundant goodness, denied it (he only knows why) to many whose minds he hath enriched with the greater blessings of knowledge and virtue, as the fairer testimonies of his love to mankind: and this was the pre-

fent condition of this man of fo excellent erudition and endowments, whofe neceffary and daily expenfes were hardly reconcileable with his uncertain and narrow eftate: which I mention, for that at this time there was a moft generous offer made him for the moderating of his worldly cares, the declaration of which fhall be the next employment of my pen.

God hath been fo good to his church as to afford it, in every age, fome fuch men to ferve at his altar as have been pioufly ambitious of doing good to mankind; a difpofition that is fo like to God himfelf, that it owes itfelf only to him who takes a pleafure to behold it in his creatures. Thefe times he did blefs with many fuch, fome of which ftill live to be patterns of apoftolical charity, and of more than human patience. I have faid this, becaufe I have occafion to mention one of them in my following difcourfe, namely, Dr. Morton, the moft laborious and learned Bifhop of Durham, one that God hath bleffed with perfect intellectuals, and a cheerful heart, at the age of ninety-four years, and is yet living; one that, in his days of plenty, had fo large a heart as to ufe his large revenue to the encouragement of learning and virtue, and is now (be it fpoken with forrow) reduced to a narrow eftate, which he embraces without repining, and ftill fhews the beauty of his mind by fo liberal a hand, as if this were an age in which "to-morrow were to care for itfelf." I have taken a pleafure in giving the reader a fhort but true cha-

racter of this good man, from whom I received this following relation. He sent to Mr. Donne, and entreated to borrow an hour of his time for a conference the next day. After their meeting there was not many minutes passed before he spake to Mr. Donne to this purpose: "Mr. Donne, the occasion of "sending for you is to propose to you what I have "often revolved in my own thought since I last saw "you, which, nevertheless, I will not do but upon "this condition, that you shall not return me a pre- "sent answer, but forbear three days, and bestow some "part of that time in fasting and prayer; and after "a serious consideration of what I shall propose, then "return to me with your answer. Deny me not, Mr. "Donne, for it is the effect of a true love, which I "would gladly pay as a debt due for your's to me." This request being granted, the Doctor expressed himself thus.

"Mr. Donne, I know your education and abilities, "I know your expectation of a state-employment, and "I know your fitness for it; and I know, too, the many "delays and contingencies that attend court promises; "and, let me tell you, my love begot by our long friend- "ship, our familiarity, and your merits, hath prompt- "ed me to such an inquisition of your present tempo- "ral estate, as makes me no stranger to your necessi- "ties; which are such as your generous spirit could not "bear, if it were not supported with a pious patience.

"You know I have formerly persuaded you to wave
"your court hopes, and enter into holy orders, which
"I now again persuade you to embrace, with this
"reason added to my former request; the King hath
"yesterday made me Dean of Gloucester, and I am
"possessed of a benefice, the profits of which are equal
"to those of my deanery; I will think my deanery
"enough for my maintenance, (who am and resolve
"to die a single man) and will quit my benefice, and
"estate you in it, (which the patron is willing I shall
"do) if God shall incline your heart to embrace this
"motion. Remember, Mr. Donne, no man's educa-
"tion or parts make him too good for this employ-
"ment, which is to be an ambassador for the God
"of glory, who by a vile death opened the gates of
"life to mankind. Make me no present answer, but
"remember your promise, and return to me the
"third day with your resolution."

At the hearing of this Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance gave a visible testimony of an inward conflict; but he performed his promise, and departed without returning an answer till the third day, and then it was to this effect:

"My most worthy and most dear friend, since I
"saw you I have been faithful to my promise, and
"have also meditated much of your great kindness,
"which hath been such as would exceed even my gra-
"titude, but that it cannot do, and more I cannot re-

"turn you, and I do that with an heart full of humili-
"ty and thanks, tho' I may not accept of your of-
"fer: but, Sir, my refusal is not for that I think my-
"self too good for that calling, for which kings, if
"they think so, are not good enough; nor for that
"my education and learning, tho' not eminent, may
"not, being assisted with God's grace and humility,
"render me in some measure fit for it; but I dare
"make so dear a friend as you are my confessor. Some
"irregularities of my life have been so visible to some
"men, that tho' I have, I thank God, made my peace
"with him by penitential resolutions against them,
"and by the assistance of his grace banished them
"my affections, yet this, which God knows to be so,
"is not so visible to man as to free me from their
"censures, and, it may be, that sacred calling from a
"dishonour: and, besides, whereas it is determined by
"the best of casuists, that God's glory should be the
"first end, and a maintenance the second motive, to
"embrace that calling; and tho' each man may pro-
"pose to himself both together, yet the first may not
"be put last without a violation of conscience, which
"he that searches the heart will judge. And truly
"my present condition is such, that if I ask my own
"conscience whether it be reconcileable to that rule,
"it is at this time so perplexed about it, that I can
"neither give myself nor you an answer. You know,
"Sir, who says, "Happy is that man whose con-

"science doth not accuse him for that thing which he "does." To these I might add other reasons that dis"swade me; but I crave your favour that I may for"bear to express them, and thankfully decline your "offer."

This was his present resolution; but the heart of man is not in his own keeping, and he was destined to this sacred service by an higher hand, a hand so powerful, as at last forced him to a compliance; of which I shall give the reader an account before I shall give a rest to my pen.

Mr. Donne and his wife continued with Sir Francis Wolly till his death, a little before which time Sir Francis was so happy as to make a perfect reconciliation betwixt Sir George and his forsaken son and daughter, Sir George conditioning, by bond, to pay to Mr. Donne 800 *l.* at a certain day, as a portion with his wife, or 20 *l.* quarterly for their maintenance, as the interest for it, till the said portion was paid.

Most of those years that he lived with Sir Francis he studied the Civil and Canon laws, in which he acquired such a perfection as was judged to hold proportion with many who had made that study the employment of their whole life.

Sir Francis being dead, and that happy family dissolved, Mr. Donne took for himself an house in Micham, near to Croydon in Surrey, a place noted for good air and choice company: there his wife and chil-

dren remained; and for himſelf he took lodgings in London, near to Whitehall, whither his friends and occaſions drew him very often, and where he was as often viſited by many of the nobility and others of this nation, who uſed him in their counſels of greateſt conſideration.

Nor did our own nobility only value and favour him, but his acquaintance and friendſhip was ſought for by moſt ambaſſadors of foreign nations, and by many other ſtrangers, whoſe learning or buſineſs occaſioned their ſtay in this nation.

He was much importuned by many friends to make his conſtant reſidence in London, but he ſtill denied it, having ſettled his dear wife and children at Micham, and near ſome friends that were bountiful to them and him; for they, God knows, needed it: and that you may the better now judge of the then preſent condition of his mind and fortune, I ſhall preſent you with an extract, collected out of ſome few of his many letters.

——— "And the reaſon why I did not ſend an "anſwer to your laſt week's letter was, becauſe it "found me under too great a ſadneſs; and at preſent "'tis thus with me: there is not one perſon but my-"ſelf well of my family. I have already loſt half a "child, and with that miſchance of her's my wife is "fallen into ſuch a diſcompoſure as would afflict her "too extremely, but that the ſickneſs of all her chil-

"dren stupifies her, of one of which, in good faith, I "have not much hope; and these meet with a for-"tune so ill provided for physic, and such relief, that if "God should ease us with burials, I know not how to "perform even that; but I flatter myself with this "hope, that I am dying too; for I cannot waste faster "than by such griefs. As for———

From my Hospital at Micham, Aug. 10. JOHN DONNE."

Thus he did bemoan himself; and thus in other letters.

———"For we hardly discover a sin when it is but "an omission of some good, and no accusing act: "with this or the former I have often suspected my-"self to be overtaken; which is, with an over-earnest "desire of the next life: and tho' I know it is not "merely a weariness of this, because I had the same "desire when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fair-"er hopes than I now do, yet I doubt worldly trou-"bles have increased it. 'Tis now spring, and all the "pleasures of it displease me: every other tree blos-"soms, and I wither; I grow older, and not better; "my strength diminisheth, and my load grows hea-"vier; and yet I would fain be or do something; but "that I cannot tell what is no wonder in this time of "my sadness; for to chuse is to do, but to be no part of "my body is as to be nothing; and so I am, and shall "so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated

" into a part of the world, as by busineſs to contribute
" ſome ſuſtentation to the whole. This I made ac-
" count; I began early when I underſtood the ſtudy
" of our laws, but was diverted by leaving that and
" embracing the worſt voluptuouſneſs, an hydroptic
" immoderate deſire of human learning and langua-
" ges; beautiful ornaments, indeed, to men of great
" fortunes, but mine was grown ſo low as to need an
" occupation, which I thought I entered well into
" when I ſubjected myſelf to ſuch a ſervice as I thought
" might exerciſe my poor abilities; and there I ſtum-
" bled, and fell too; and now I am become ſo little,
" or ſuch a nothing, that I am not a ſubject good
" enough for one of my own letters.——I fear my
" preſent diſcontent does not proceed from a good
" root, that I am ſo well content to be nothing, that
" is, dead. But, Sir, tho' my fortune hath made me
" ſuch, as that I am rather a ſickneſs or a diſeaſe of
" the world than any part of it, and therefore neither
" love it nor life, yet I would gladly live to become
" ſome ſuch thing as you ſhould not repent loving
" me. Sir, your own ſoul cannot be more zealous of
" your good than I am; and God, who loves that zeal
" in me, will not ſuffer you to doubt it. You would
" pity me now if you ſaw me write, for my pain hath
" drawn my head ſo much awry, and holds it ſo, that
" my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive
" you into my prayers with mine own weary ſoul,

"and commend myfelf to your's. I doubt not but "next week will bring you good news, for I have "either mending or dying on my fide: but if I do "continue longer thus, I fhall have comfort in this, "that my bleffed Saviour, in exercifing his juftice up- "on my two worldly parts, my fortune and my body, "referves all his mercy for that which moft needs it, "my foul; that is, I doubt, too like a porter, which "is very often near the gate, and yet goes not out. "Sir, I profefs to you truly that my loathnefs to give "over writing now feems to myfelf a fign that I fhall "write no more.——

Your poor friend, and God's poor patient,

Sept. 7. JOHN DONNE."

By this you have feen a part of the picture of his nar-row fortune, and the perplexities of his generous mind, and thus it continued with him for about two years, all which time his family remained conftantly at Mi-cham, and to which place he often retired himfelf, and deftined fome days to a conftant ftudy of fome points of controverfy betwixt the Englifh and Roman church, and efpecially thofe of fupremacy and allegi-ance; and to that place, and fuch ftudies, he could willingly have wedded himfelf during his life: but the earneft perfuafion of friends became at laft to be fo powerful as to caufe the removal of himfelf and family to London, where Sir Robert Drewry, a gen-tleman of very noble eftate, and a more liberal mind,

assigned him a very choice and useful house rent-free, next to his own, in Drury Lane; and was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathized with him and his in all their joy and sorrows.

Many of the nobility were watchful and solicitous to the King for some secular preferment for him: his Majesty had formerly both known and put a value upon his company, and had also given him some hopes of a state employment, being always much pleased when Mr. Donne attended him, especially at his meals, where there were usually many deep discourses of general learning, and very often friendly debates or disputes of religion betwixt his Majesty and those divines whose places required their attendance on him at those times; particularly the Dean of the Chapel, who then was Bishop Montague, the publisher of the learned and eloquent works of his Majesty, and the most reverend Dr. Andrews, the late learned Bishop of Winchester, who then was the King's Almoner.

About this time there grew many disputes that concerned the oath of supremacy and allegiance, in which the King had appeared and engaged himself by his public writings now extant; and his Majesty discoursing with Mr. Donne concerning many of the reasons which are usually urged against the taking of those oaths, apprehended such a validity and clearness in his stating the questions, and his answers to them, that his Majesty commanded him to bestow some time

in drawing the arguments into a method, and then write his answers to them; and having done that, not to send, but be his own messenger, and bring them to him. To this he presently applied himself, and within six weeks brought them to him under his own hand-writing, as they be now printed, the book bearing the name of Pseudo-Martyr.

When the King had read and considered that book, he persuaded Mr. Donne to enter into the ministry, to which at that time he was and appeared very unwilling, apprehending it (such was his mistaking modesty) to be too weighty for his abilities; and though his Majesty had promised him a favour, and many persons of worth mediated with his Majesty for some secular employment for him, to which his education had apted him, and particularly the Earl of Somerset, when in his height of favour, who being then at Theobald's with the King, where one of the Clerks of the Council died that night, and the Earl having sent for Mr. Donne to come to him immediately, said, "Mr. Donne, to testify the reality of "my affection, and my purpose to prefer you, stay "in this garden till I go up to the King and bring you "word that you are Clerk of the Council: doubt not "my doing this, for I know the King loves you, and "will not deny me." But the King gave a positive denial to all requests; and, having a discerning spirit, replied, "I know Mr. Donne is a learned man, has the

"abilities of a learned divine, and will prove a powerful preacher, and my desire is to prefer him that way." After that time, as he professeth *, the King descended to a persuasion, almost to a solicitation, of him to enter into sacred orders; which tho' he then denied not, yet he deferred it for almost three years; all which time he applied himself to an incessant study of textual divinity, and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned languages, Greek and Hebrew.

In the first and most blessed times of Christianity, when the clergy were looked upon with reverence, and deserved it; when they overcame their opposers by high examples of virtue, by a blessed patience and long-suffering, those only were then judged worthy the ministry whose quiet and meek spirits did make them look upon that sacred calling with an humble adoration, and fear to undertake it, which indeed requires such great degrees of humility, and labour, and care, that none but such were then thought worthy of that celestial dignity; and such only were then sought out, and solicited to undertake it: this I have mentioned, because forwardness and inconsideration could not in Mr Donne, as in many others, be an argument of insufficiency or unfitness; for he had considered long, and had many strifes within himself concerning the strictness of life and competency of learning required in such as enter into sacred orders; and,

* In his book of Devotions.

doubtlefs, confidering his own demerits, did humbly afk God, with St. Paul, "Lord, who is fufficient for "thefe things?" and, with meek Mofes, "Lord, who "am I?" And fure if he had confulted with flefh and blood he had not put his hand to that holy plough. But God, who is able to prevail, wreftled with him, as the angel did with Jacob, and marked him; marked him for his own; marked him with a bleffing; a bleffing of obedience to the motions of his bleffed Spirit; and then, as he had formerly afked God, with Mofes, "Who am I?" fo now, being infpired with an apprehenfion of God's particular mercy to him, in the King's and others' folicitations of him, he came to afk King David's thankful queftion, "Lord, who am "I, that thou art fo mindful of me?" fo mindful of me, as to lead me for more than forty years through this wildernefs of the many temptations and various turnings of a dangerous life; fo merciful to me, as to move the learnedeft of kings to defcend to move me to ferve at thy altar; fo merciful to me, as at laft to move my heart to embrace this holy motion; thy motions I will and do embrace; and I now fay, with the bleffed Virgin, "Be it with thy fervant as feem"eth beft in thy fight;" and fo, bleffed Jefus, I do take the cup of falvation, and will call upon thy name, and will preach thy gofpel.

Such ftrifes as thefe St. Auftin had when St. Ambrofe endeavoured his converfion to Chriftianity,

with which he confeffeth he acquainted his friend Alipius. Our learned Author (a man fit to write after no mean copy) did the like; and declaring his intentions to his dear friend Dr. King, then Bifhop of London, a man famous in his generation, and no ftranger to Mr. Donne's abilities, (for he had been chaplain to the Lord Chancellor at the time of Mr. Donne's being his Lordfhip's fecretary) that reverend man did receive the news with much gladnefs; and after fome expreffions of joy, and a perfuafion to be conftant in his pious purpofe, he proceeded with all convenient fpeed to ordain him both Deacon and Prieft.

Now the Englifh church had gained a fecond St. Auftin, for I think none was fo like him before his converfion; none fo like St. Ambrofe after it; and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellencies of the other, the learning and holinefs of both.

And now all his ftudies, which had been occafionally diffufed, were all concentred in divinity: now he had a new calling, new thoughts, and a new employment for his wit and eloquence: now all his earthly affections were changed into divine love, and all the faculties of his own foul were engaged in the converfion of others, in preaching the glad tidings of remiffion to repenting finners, and peace to each troubled foul: to thefe he applied himfelf with all

care and diligence: and now fuch a change was wrought in him, that he could fay with David, "Oh! "how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of "hofts!" Now he declared openly, that when he required a temporal God gave him a fpiritual blessing; and that he was now gladder to be a door-keeper in the houfe of God than he could be to enjoy the nobleft of all temporal employments.

Prefently after he entered into his holy profeffion the King fent for him, and made him his chaplain in ordinary, and promifed to take a particular care for his preferment.

And though his long familiarity with fcholars, and perfons of greateft quality, was fuch as might have given fome men boldnefs enough to have preached to any eminent auditory, yet his modefty in this employment was fuch, that he could not be perfuaded to it, but went, ufually accompanied with fome one friend, to preach privately in fome village not far from London, his firft fermon being preached at Paddington: this he did till his Majefty fent and appointed him a day to preach to him at Whitehall, and though much were expected from him, both by his Majefty and others, yet he was fo happy, which few are, as to fatiffy and exceed their expectations, preaching the word fo, as fhewed his own heart was poffeffed with thofe very thoughts and joys that he laboured to infill into others: a preacher in earneft, weeping fometimes for

his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a virtue so as to make it be beloved even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an inexpressible addition of comeliness.

There may be some that may incline to think (such indeed as have not heard him) that my affection to my friend hath transported me to an immoderate commendation of his preaching: if this meets with any such, let me entreat, though I will omit many, yet that they will receive a double witness for what I say, it being attested by a gentleman of worth, (Mr. Chidley, a frequent hearer of his sermons) being part of a funeral eulogy writ by him on Dr. Donne, and a known truth, though it be in verse.

——— Each altar had his fire———
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it;
Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
To piety, which it doth best become.——
Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dress?
Have you known crimes so shap'd? or loveliness
Such as his lips did clothe religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty passing sin?
Corrupted Nature sorrow'd when she stood
So near the danger of becoming good,
And wish'd our so inconstant ears exempt
From piety that had such pow'r to tempt.
Did not his sacred flattery beguile
Man to amend?——

More of this, and more witnesses, might be brought; but I forbear, and return.

That summer, in the very same month in which he entered into sacred orders, and was made the King's chaplain, his Majesty then going his progress, was entreated to receive an entertainment in the university of Cambridge; and Mr. Donne attending his Majesty at that time, his Majesty was pleased to recommend him to the University, to be made Doctor in Divinity. Dr. Harsnet (after Archbishop of York) was then Vice-Chancellor, who knowing him to be the author of that learned book the Pseudo-Martyr, required no other proof of his abilities, but proposed it to the University, who presently assented, and express-ed a gladness that they had such an occasion to entitle him to be theirs.

His abilities and industry in his profession were so eminent, and he so known and so beloved by persons of quality, that within the first year of his entering into sacred orders he had fourteen advowsons of several benefices presented to him; but they were in the country, and he could not leave his beloved London, to which place he had a natural inclination, having received both his birth and education in it, and there contracted a friendship with many whose conversation multiplied the joys of his life; but an employment that might affix him to that place would be welcome, for he needed it.

Immediately after his return from Cambridge his wife died, leaving him a man of an unsettled estate, and (having buried five) the careful father of seven children then living, to whom he gave a voluntary assurance never to bring them under the subjection of a stepmother, which promise he kept most faithfully, burying with his tears all his earthly joys in his most dear and deserving wife's grave, betaking himself to a most retired and solitary life.

In this retiredness, which was often from the sight of his dearest friends, he became crucified to the world, and all those vanities, those imaginary pleasures, that are daily acted on that restless stage, and they crucified to him. Nor is it hard to think (seeing passions may be both changed and heightened by accidents) but that that abundant affection which once was betwixt him and her, who had long been the delight of his eyes, the companion of his youth; her with whom he had divided so many pleasant sorrows and contented fears, as common people are not capable of; she being now removed by death, a commeasurable grief took as full a possession of him as joy had done; and so indeed it did; for now his very soul was elemented of nothing but sadness; now grief took so full a possession of his heart as to leave no place for joy; if it did, it was a joy to be alone, where, like a pelican in the wilderness, he might bemoan himself without witness or restraint, and pour forth his pas-

sions like Job in the days of his affliction, "Oh that I "might have the desire of my heart! oh that God "would grant the thing that I long for!" For then, as the grave is become her house, so I would hasten to make it mine also, "that we two might there make "our beds together in the dark." Thus, as the Israelites sate mourning by the rivers of Babylon, when they remembered Sion, so he gave some ease to his oppressed heart by thus venting his sorrows: thus he began the day and ended the night; ended the restless night and began the weary day in lamentations; and thus he continued till a consideration of his new engagements to God, and St. Paul's "Woe is unto me if I "preach not the gospel," dispersed those sad clouds that had now benighted his hopes, and forced him to behold the light.

His first motion from his house was to preach where his beloved wife lay buried, in St. Clement's church, near Temple-Bar, London; and his text was a part of the prophet Jeremy's Lamentation, "Lo, I am the "man that have seen affliction."

And indeed his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man; and they, with the addition of his sighs and tears, expressed in his sermon, did so work upon the affections of his hearers as melted and moulded them into a companionable sadness, and so they left the congregation: but then their houses presented them with objects of diversion, and his pre-

fented him with no diverfions, but with frefh objects of forrow, in beholding many helplefs children, a narrow fortune, and a confideration of the many cares and cafualties that attend their education.

In this time of fadnefs he was importuned by the grave Benchers of Lincoln's-Inn, once the friends of his youth, to accept of their lecture, which by reafon of Dr. Gataker's removal from thence was then void; of which he accepted, being moft glad to renew his intermitted friendfhip with thofe whom he fo much loved, and where he had been a Saul, though not to perfecute Chriftianity, or to deride it, yet in his irregular youth to neglect the vifible practice of it, there to become a Paul, and preach falvation to his beloved brethren.

And now his life was as a fhining light among his old friends: now he gave an ocular teftimony of the ftrictnefs and regularity of it: now he might fay, as St. Paul advifeth his Corinthians, "Be ye followers "of me, as I follow Chrift, and walk as ye have me "for an example;" not the example of a bufy-body, but of a contemplative, a harmlefs, an humble, and an holy life and converfation.

The love of that noble fociety was expreffed to him many ways; for befides fair lodgings that were fet apart and newly furnifhed for him with all neceffaries, other courtefies were daily added; indeed fo many, and fo freely, as if they meant their gratitude fhould

exceed his merits; and in this love-ſtrife of deſert and liberality they continued for the ſpace of two years, he preaching faithfully and conſtantly to them, and they liberally requiting him. About which time the Emperor of Germany died, and the Palſgrave, who had lately married the Lady Elizabeth, the King's only daughter, was elected and crowned king of Bohemia, the unhappy beginning of many miſeries in that nation.

King James, whoſe motto, *Beati pacifici*, did truly ſpeak the very thoughts of his heart, endeavoured firſt to prevent, and after to compoſe, the diſcords of that diſcompoſed ſtate; and, amongſt other his endeavours, did then ſend the Lord Hay, Earl of Doncaſter, his ambaſſador to thoſe unſettled princes; and, by a ſpecial command from his Majeſty, Dr. Donne was appointed to aſſiſt and attend that employment to the princes of the union; for which the Earl was moſt glad, who had always put a great value on him, and taken a great pleaſure in his converſation and diſcourſe; and his friends of Lincoln's-Inn were as glad; for they feared that his immoderate ſtudy, and ſadneſs for his wife's death, would, as Jacob ſaid, make his days few, and, reſpecting his bodily health, evil too; and of this there were ſome viſible ſigns.

At his going he left his friends of Lincoln's-Inn, and they him, with many reluctations; for though he could not ſay, as St. Paul to his Epheſians, "Behold,

"you to whom I have preached the kingdom of God "ſhall from henceforth ſee my face no more," yet he, believing himſelf to be in a conſumption, queſtioned, and they feared it; all concluding that his troubled mind, with the help of his unintermitted ſtudies, haſtened the decays of his weak body. God turned it to the beſt: for this employment (to ſay nothing of the event of it) did not only divert him from thoſe too ſerious ſtudies and ſad thoughts, but ſeemed to give him a new life, by a true occaſion of joy, to be an eye-witneſs of the health of his moſt dear and moſt honoured miſtreſs, the Queen of Bohemia, in a foreign nation, and to be a witneſs of that gladneſs which ſhe expreſſed to ſee him, who having formerly known him a courtier, was much joyed to ſee him in a canonical habit, and more glad to be an ear-witneſs of his excellent and powerful preaching.

About fourteen months after his departure out of England he returned to his friends of Lincoln's-Inn with his ſorrows moderated, and his health improved, and there betook himſelf to his conſtant courſe of preaching.

About a year after his return out of Germany Dr. Cary was made Biſhop of Exeter, and by his removal the Deanery of St. Paul's being vacant, the King ſent to Dr. Donne, and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his Majeſty was ſate down, before he had ate any meat, he ſaid, after his pleaſant manner,

"Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and tho' "you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of "a dish that I know you love well; for knowing you "love London, I do therefore make you Dean of "St Paul's; and when I have dined, then do you take "your beloved dish home to your study; say grace "there to yourself, and much good may it do you."

Immediately after he came to his deanery he employed workmen to repair and beautify the chapel, suffering, as holy David once vowed, his eyes and temples to take no rest till he had first beautified the house of God.

The next quarter following, when his father-in-law, Sir George Moor, (whom time had made a lover and admirer of him) came to pay to him the conditioned sum of twenty pounds, he refused to receive it, and said, as good Jacob did, when he heard his beloved son Joseph was alive, "It is enough;" you have been kind to me and mine: I know your present condition is such as not to abound; and I hope mine is or will be such as not to need it: I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract; and in testimony of it freely gave him up his bond.

Immediately after his admission into his deanery the vicarage of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, London, fell to him by the death of Dr. White, the advowson of it having been given to him long before by his ho-

nourable friend Richard Earl of Dorset, then the patron, and confirmed by his brother, the late deceased Edward, both of them men of much honour.

By these, and another ecclesiastical endowment, which fell to him about the same time, given to him formerly by the Earl of Kent, he was enabled to become charitable to the poor, and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children, that they were not left scandalous, as relating to their or his profession and quality.

The next parliament, which was within that present year, he was chosen Prolocutor to the Convocation, and about that time was appointed by his Majesty, his most gracious master, to preach very many occasional sermons, as at St. Paul's Cross, and other places; all which employments he performed to the admiration of the representative body of the whole clergy of this nation.

He was once, and but once, clouded with the King's displeasure, and it was about this time, which was occasioned by some malicious whisperer, who had told his Majesty that Dr. Donne had put on the general humour of the pulpits, and was become busy in insinuating a fear of the King's inclining to Popery, and a dislike of his government; and particularly for his then turning the evening lectures into catechising, and expounding the Prayer of our Lord, and of the

Belief and Commandments. His Majesty was the more inclinable to believe this, for that a person of nobility and great note, betwixt whom and Dr. Donne there had been a great friendship, was at this very time discarded the court, (I shall forbear his name, unless I had a fairer occasion) and justly committed to prison, which begot many rumours in the common people, who in this nation think they are not wise unless they be busy about what they understand not, and especially about religion.

The King received this news with so much discontent and restlessness, that he would not suffer the sun to set and leave him under this doubt, but sent for Dr. Donne, and required his answer to the accusation, which was so clear and satisfactory, that the King said "he was right glad he rested no longer under the suspicion." When the King had said this, Dr. Donne kneeled down and thanked his Majesty, and protested his answer was faithful and free from all collusion, and therefore desired that he might not rise till, as in like cases he always had from God, so he might have from His Majesty, some assurance that he stood clear and fair in his opinion. Then the King raised him from his knees with his own hands, and protested he believed him; and that he knew he was an honest man, and doubted not but that he loved him truly: and having thus dismissed him, he called some lords

of his council into his chamber, and said, with much earnestness, "My Doctor is an honest man; and, my "Lords, I was never better satisfied with an answer "than he hath now made me; and I always rejoice "when I think that by my means he became a divine."

He was made Dean the fiftieth year of his age, and in his fifty-fourth year a dangerous sickness seized him, which inclined him to a consumption; but God, as Job thankfully acknowledged, preserved his spirit, and kept his intellectuals as clear and perfect as when that sickness first seized his body: but it continued long, and threatened him with death, which he dreaded not.

In this distemper of body his dear friend Dr. Henry King, then chief residentiary of that church, and late Bishop of Chichester, a man generally known by the clergy of this nation, and as generally noted for his obliging nature, visited him daily; and observing that his sickness rendered his recovery doubtful, he chose a seasonable time to speak to him to this purpose.

"Mr. Dean, I am, by your favour, no stranger to "your temporal estate, and you are no stranger to "the offer lately made us for the renewing a lease of "the best prebends corps belonging to our church; "and you know it was denied, for that our tenant, "being very rich, offered to fine at so low a rate as "held not proportion with his advantages; but I will

"either raise him to an higher sum, or procure that "the other residentiaries shall join to accept of what "was offered: one of these I can and will, by your fa- "vour, do without delay, and without any trouble "either to your body or mind; I beseech you to ac- "cept of my offer, for I know it will be a consider- "able addition to your present estate, which I know "needs it."

To this, after a short pause, and raising himself upon his bed, he made this reply.

"My most dear friend! I most humbly thank you "for your many favours, and this in particular; but "in my present condition I shall not accept of your "proposal, for, doubtless, there is such a sin as sacri- "lege; if there were not, it could not have a name "in Scripture; and the primitive clergy were watch- "ful against all appearances of that evil; and indeed "then all Christians looked upon it with horror and "detestation, judging it to be even an open defiance "of the power and providence of almighty God, and "a sad presage of a declining religion. But instead of "such Christians, who had selected times set apart to "fast and pray to God for a pious clergy, which "they then did obey, our times abound with men "that are busy and litigious about trifles and church- "ceremonies, and yet so far from scrupling sacri- "lege, that they make not so much as a quere what

"it is; but I thank God I have; and dare not now "upon my sick-bed, when almighty God hath made "me useless to the service of the church, make any "advantages out of it: but if he shall again restore "me to such a degree of health as again to serve at "his altar, I shall then gladly take the reward which "the bountiful benefactors of this church have de-"signed me; for, God knows, my children and rela-"tions will need it; in which number my mother "(whose credulity and charity has contracted a very "plentiful to a very narrow estate) must not be for-"gotten. But, Dr. King, if I recover not, that little "worldly estate that I shall leave behind me (that "very little, when divided into eight parts) must, if "you deny me not so charitable a favour, fall into your "hands, as my most faithful friend and executor, of "whose care and justice I make no more doubt than "of God's blessing on that which I have conscien-"tiously collected for them; but it shall not be aug-"mented on my sick-bed; and this I declare to be my "unalterable resolution."

The reply to this was only a promise to observe his request.

Within a few days his distempers abated; and as his strength increased so did his thankfulness to almighty God, testified in his most excellent book of Devotions, which he published at his recovery; in which the reader

may see the most secret thoughts that then possessed his soul paraphrased and made public; a book that may not unfitly be called a Sacred Picture of Spiritual Extasies, occasioned and appliable to the emergencies of that sickness: which book, being a composition of meditations, disquisitions, and prayers, he writ on his sick-bed, herein imitating the holy patriarchs, who were wont to build their altars in that place where they had received their blessings.

This sickness brought him so near to the gates of death, and he saw the grave so ready to devour him, that he would often say his recovery was supernatural; but that God that then restored his health continued it to him till the fifty-ninth year of his life; and then, in August 1630, being with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harvey, at Aburyhatch in Essex, he there fell into a fever, which, with the help of his constant infirmity, (vapours from the spleen) hastened him into so visible a consumption, that his beholders might say, as St. Paul of himself, "He dies daily;" and he might say, with Job, "My welfare passeth away as a cloud; "the days of my affliction have taken hold of me, and "weary nights are appointed for me."

Reader, this sickness continued long, not only weakening but wearying him so much, that my desire is he may now take some rest; and that, before I speak of his death, thou wilt not think it an imperti-

nent digreſſion to look back with me upon ſome obſervations of his life, which, whilſt a gentle ſlumber gives reſt to his ſpirits, may, I hope, not unfitly exerciſe thy conſideration.

His marriage was the remarkable error of his life, an error which, though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain paradoxes, yet he was very far from juſtifying it; and though his wife's competent years, and other reaſons, might be juſtly urged to moderate ſevere cenſures, yet he would occaſionally condemn himſelf for it: and doubtleſs it had been attended with an heavy repentance, if God had not bleſſed them with ſo mutual and cordial affections as, in the midſt of their ſufferings, made their bread of ſorrow taſte more pleaſantly than the banquets of dull and low-ſpirited people.

The recreations of his youth were poetry, in which he was ſo happy as if Nature, and all her varieties, had been made only to exerciſe his ſharp wit and high fancy; and in thoſe pieces which were facetiouſly compoſed and careleſsly ſcattered (moſt of them being written before the twentieth year of his age) it may appear, by his choice metaphors, that both Nature and all the arts joined to aſſiſt him with their utmoſt ſkill.

It is a truth that, in his penitential years, viewing ſome of thoſe pieces too looſely ſcattered in his youth, he wiſhed they had been abortive, or ſo ſhort lived

that his own eyes had witneſſed their funerals; but though he was no friend to them, he was not ſo fallen out with heavenly poetry as to forſake that; no, not in his declining age, witneſſed then by many Divine Sonnets, and other high, holy, and harmonious compoſures. Yea, even on his former ſick-bed he wrote an Hymn to God the Father, expreſſing the great joy that then poſſeſſed his ſoul in the aſſurance of God's favour to him.

I have the rather mentioned this Hymn, for that he cauſed it to be ſet to a moſt grave and ſolemn tune, and to be often ſung to the organ by the choriſters of St. Paul's church, in his own hearing, eſpecially at the evening ſervice; and at his return from his cuſtomary devotions in that place did occaſionally ſay to a friend, "The words of this Hymn have reſtored to "me the ſame thoughts of joy that poſſeſſed my ſoul "in my ſickneſs when I compoſed it;" and "O the "power of church muſic! that harmony added to it "has raiſed the affections of my heart, and quickened "my graces of zeal and gratitude; and I obſerve "that I always return from paying this public duty of "prayer and praiſe to God with an unexpreſſible tran-"quillity of mind, and a willingneſs to leave the "world."

After this manner did the diſciples of our Saviour, and the beſt of Chriſtians in thoſe ages of the church

nearest to his time, offer their praises to almighty God: and the reader of St. Augustine's life may there find, that towards his dissolution he wept abundantly that the enemies of Christianity had broke in upon them, and profaned and ruined their sanctuaries, and because their public hymns and lauds were lost out of their churches. And after this manner have many devout souls lifted up their hands, and offered acceptable sacrifices unto almighty God where Dr. Donne offered his.

Before I proceed further, I think fit to inform the reader, that not long before his death he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an anchor, like those which painters draw when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the cross, his varying no otherwise than to affix him to an anchor (the emblem of hope): this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of those figures, thus drawn, to be engraven very small in helitropian stones, and set in gold; and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends, to be used as seals or rings, and kept as memorials of him, and of his affection to them.

His dear friends and benefactors, Sir Henry Goodier and Sir Robert Drewry, could not be of that number; nor could the Lady Magdalen Herbert, the mother of George Herbert, for they had put off morta-

lity, and taken poffeffion of the grave before him; but Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Hall, the then (late deceafed) Bifhop of Norwich, were; and fo were Dr. Duppa, Bifhop of Salifbury, and Dr. Henry King, Bifhop of Chichefter, lately deceafed, men in whom there was fuch a commixture of general learning, of natural eloquence, and Chriftian humility, that they deferve a commemoration by a pen equal to their own, which none hath exceeded.

And in this enumeration of his friends, tho' many muft be omitted, yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not; I mean that George Herbert who was the author of The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Ejaculations; a book in which, by declaring his own fpiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raifed many a dejected and difcompofed foul, and charmed them into fweet and quiet thoughts; a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the affiftance of that Spirit that feemed to infpire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghoft and heaven; and may, by ftill reading, ftill keep thofe facred fires burning upon the altar of fo pure an heart as fhall free it from the anxieties of this world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt him and Dr. Donne there was a long and dear friendfhip, made up by fuch a fympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be

in each others company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments.

The latter part of his life may be said to be a continued study; for as he usually preached once a-week, if not oftener, so after his sermon he never gave his eyes rest till he had chosen out a new text, and that night cast his sermon into a form, and his text into divisions, and the next day betook himself to consult the Fathers, and so commit his meditations to his memory, which was excellent. But upon Saturday he usually gave himself and his mind a rest from the weary burthen of his week's meditations, and usually spent that day in visitation of friends, or some other diversions of his thoughts, and would say, that he gave both his body and mind that refreshment, that he might be enabled to do the work of the day following, not faintly, but with courage and cheerfulness.

Nor was his age only so industrious, but in the most unsettled days of his youth his bed was not able to detain him beyond the hour of four in a morning; and it was no common business that drew him out of his chamber till past ten. All which time was employed in study; tho' he took great liberty after it: and if this seem strange, it may gain a belief by the visible fruits of his labours, some of which remain as testimonies of what is here written; for he left the resultance of 1400 authors, most of them abridged and analyzed with his own hand; he left also sixscore of his sermons, all writ-

ten with his own hand; also an exact and laborious treatise concerning self-murther, called Biathanatos, wherein all the laws violated by that act are diligently surveyed and judiciously censured: a treatise written in his younger days, which alone might declare him then not only perfect in the Civil and Canon law, but in many other such studies and arguments as enter not into the consideration of many that labour to be thought great clerks, and pretend to know all things.

Nor were these only found in his study, but all businesses that past of any public consequence, either in this or any of our neighbour nations, he abbreviated either in Latin, or in the language of that nation, and kept them by him for useful memorials; so he did the copies of divers letters and cases of conscience that had concerned his friends, with his observations and solutions of them, and divers other businesses of importance, all particularly and methodically digested by himself.

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him, making his will when no faculty of his soul was damped or made defective by pain or sickness, or he surprised by a sudden apprehension of death: but it was made with mature deliberation, expressing himself an impartial father, by making his children's portions equal, and a lover of his friends, whom he re-

membered with legacies fitly and discreetly chosen and bequeathed. I cannot forbear a nomination of some of them; for methinks they be persons that seem to challenge a recordation in this place; as, namely, to his brother-in-law, Sir Th. Grimes, he gave that striking clock which he had long worn in his pocket.—To his dear friend and executor Dr. King, late Bishop of Chichester, that model of gold of the synod of Dort, with which the States presented him at his last being at the Hague—and the two pictures of Padre Paulo and Fulgentio, men of his acquaintance when he travelled Italy, and of great note in that nation for their remarkable learning.——To his ancient friend Dr. Brook, that married him, Master of Trinity College in Cambridge, he gave the picture of the blessed Virgin and Joseph.——To Dr. Winniff, who succeeded him in the deanery, he gave a picture called the Skeleton.——To the succeeding Dean, who was not then known, he gave many necessaries of worth, and useful for his house, and also several pictures and ornaments for the chapel, with a desire that they might be registered, and remain as a legacy to his successors.—To the Earls of Dorset and of Carlisle he gave several pictures, and so he did to many other friends; legacies given rather to express his affection than to make any addition to their estates: but unto the poor he was full of charity, and unto many others who,

by his constant and long-continued bounty, might entitle themselves to be his alms-people; for all these he made provision, and so largely, as, having then six children living, might to some appear more than proportionable to his estate. I forbear to mention any more, lest the reader may think I trespass upon his patience; but I will beg his favour to present him with the beginning and end of his will.

"In the name of the blessed and glorious Trinity, "Amen. I John Donne, by the mercy of Christ Jesus, "and by the calling of the Church of England, Priest, "being at this time in good health and perfect understanding, (praised be God therefore) do hereby "make my last will and testament in manner and "form following:

"First, I give my gracious God an entire sacrifice "of body and soul, with my most humble thanks for "that assurance which his blessed Spirit imprints in "me now of the salvation of the one, and the resurrection of the other; and for that constant and cheerful resolution which the same Spirit hath established in me to live and die in the religion now professed in the Church of England: in expectation of "that resurrection, I desire my body may be buried (in "the most private manner that may be) in that place "of St. Paul's church, London, that the now residentiaries have at my request designed for that pur-

"pose, &c. And this my last will and testament, made "in the fear of God, (whose mercy I humbly beg, and "constantly rely upon in Jesus Christ) and in perfect "love and charity with all the world, (whose pardon "I ask, from the lowest of my servants to the highest "of my superiors) written all with my own hand, "and my name subscribed to every page, of which "there are five in number."

Sealed Decem. 13. 1630.

Nor was this blessed sacrifice of charity expressed only at his death, but in his life also, by a cheerful and frequent visitation of any friend whose mind was dejected, or his fortune necessitous. He was inquisitive after the wants of prisoners, and redeemed many from thence that lay for their fees or small debts: he was a continual giver to poor scholars, both of this and foreign nations. Besides what he gave with his own hand, he usually sent a servant, or a discreet and trusty friend, to distribute his charity to all the prisons in London at all the festival times of the year, especially at the birth and resurrection of our Saviour. He gave an hundred pounds at one time to an old friend, whom he had known live plentifully, and by a too liberal heart and carelessness became decayed in his estate; and when the receiving of it was denied, by the gentleman's saying he wanted not; for as there be some spirits so generous as to labour to con-

ceal and endure a sad poverty rather than those blushes that attend the confession of it, so there be others to whom nature and grace have afforded such sweet and compassionate souls, as to pity and prevent the distresses of mankind; which I have mentioned, because of Dr. Donne's reply, whose answer was, "I "know you want not what will sustain nature, for a "little will do that; but my desire is that you, who "in the days of your plenty have cheered and raised "the hearts of so many of your dejected friends, "would now receive this from me, and use it as a "cordial for the cheering of your own;" and so it was received. He was an happy reconciler of many differences in the families of his friends and kindred, (which he never undertook faintly, for such undertakings have usually faint effects) and they had such a faith in his judgment and impartiality, that he never advised them to any thing in vain. He was, even to her death, a most dutiful son to his mother, careful to provide for her supportation, of which she had been destitute, but that God raised him up to prevent her necessities, who having sucked in the religion of the Roman church with her mother's milk, spent her estate in foreign countries to enjoy a liberty in it, and died in his house but three months before him.

And to the end it may appear how just a steward he was of his Lord and Master's revenue, I have

thought fit to let the reader know, that after his entrance into his deanery, as he numbered his years, he (at the foot of a private account, to which God and his angels were only witnesses with him) computed first his revenue, then what was given to the poor and other pious uses; and, lastly, what rested for him and his: he then blessed each year's poor remainder with a thankful prayer.

But I return from my long digression. We left the Author sick in Essex, where he was forced to spend much of that winter, by reason of his disability to remove from that place; and having never, for almost twenty years, omitted his personal attendance on his Majesty in that month in which he was to attend and preach to him, nor having ever been left out of the roll and number of Lent-preachers; and there being then (in January 1630) a report brought to London, or raised there, that Dr. Donne was dead, that report gave him occasion to write this following letter to a dear friend.

"Sir,

"This advantage you and my other friends have "by my frequent fevers, that I am so much the of-"tener at the gates of heaven; and this advantage by "the solitude and close imprisonment that they re-"duce me to after, that I am so much the oftener at "my prayers, in which I shall never leave out your "happiness; and I doubt not, among his other bles-

"sings, God will add some one to you for my prayers. "A man would almost be content to die (if there "were no other benefit in death) to hear of so much "sorrow, and so much good testimony from good "men as I (God be blessed for it) did upon the re-"port of my death; yet I perceive it went not through "all; for one writ to me that some (and he said of "my friends) conceived I was not so ill as I pretend-"ed, but withdrew myself to live at ease, discharged "of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and, God knows, "an ill-grounded interpretation; for I have always "been sorrier when I could not preach than any "could be they could not hear me. It hath been my "desire, and God may be pleased to grant it, that I "might die in the pulpit; if not that, yet that I might "take my death in the pulpit, that is, die the sooner "by occasion of those labours. Sir, I hope to see you "presently after Candlemas, about which time will "fall my Lent-sermon at court, except my Lord "Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and so leave "me out of the roll; but as long as I live, and am not "speechless, I would not willingly decline that ser-"vice. I have better leisure to write than you to "read, yet I would not willingly oppress you with too "much letter. God bless you and your son, as I wish.

"Your poor friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

"J. DONNE."

Before that month ended he was appointed to preach upon his old constant day, the first Friday in Lent; he had notice of it, and had in his sickness so prepared for that employment, that as he had long thirsted for it, so he resolved his weakness should not hinder his journey; he came therefore to London some few days before his appointed day of preaching. At his coming thither many of his friends (who with sorrow saw his sickness had left him only so much flesh as did only cover his bones) doubted his strength to perform that task, and did therefore dissuade him from undertaking it, assuring him, however, it was like to shorten his life; but he passionately denied their requests, saying, "He would not doubt that "that God, who in so many weaknesses had assisted "him with an unexpected strength, would now with-"draw it in his last employment," professing an holy ambition to perform that sacred work. And when, to the amazement of some beholders, he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body and dying face; and doubtless many did secretly ask that question in Ezekiel, "Do "these bones live *? or can that soul organize that "tongue to speak so long time as the sand in that "glass will move towards its centre, and measure out

* Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

"an hour of this dying man's unspent life?" Doubtless it cannot; and yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying, the text being, "To God "the Lord belong the issues from death;" many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the text prophetically chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own funeral sermon.

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house, out of which he never moved till, like St. Stephen, he was carried by devout men to his grave.

The next day after his sermon, his strength being much wasted, and his spirits so spent as indisposed him to business or to talk, a friend that had often been a witness of his free and facetious discourse asked him, Why are you sad? to whom he replied, with a countenance so full of cheerful gravity as gave testimony of an inward tranquillity of mind, and of a soul willing to take a farewell of this world, and said,

"I am not sad, but most of the night past I have "entertained myself with many thoughts of several "friends that have left me here, and are gone to that "place from which they shall not return; and that "within a few days I also shall go hence, and be no "more seen; and my preparation for this change is

"become my nightly meditation upon my bed, which "my infirmities have now made restless to me: but "at this present time I was in a serious contemplation "of the providence and goodness of God to me, who "am less than the least of his mercies; and looking "back upon my life past, I now plainly see it was his "hand that prevented me from all temporal employ-"ment, and it was his will that I should never settle "nor thrive till I entered into the ministry; in which "I have now lived almost twenty years, (I hope to his "glory) and by which, I most humbly thank him, I "have been enabled to requite most of those friends "which shewed me kindness when my fortune was "very low, as God knows it was; and (as it hath oc-"casioned the expression of my gratitude) I thank "God most of them have stood in need of my requital. "I have lived to be useful and comfortable to my good "father-in-law Sir George Moor, whose patience "God hath been pleased to exercise with many tem-"poral crosses; I have maintained my own mother, "whom it hath pleased God, after a plentiful fortune "in her younger days, to bring to a great decay in "her very old age; I have quieted the consciences of "many that have groaned under the burthen of a "wounded spirit, whose prayers I hope are available "for me. I cannot plead innocency of life, especially "of my youth; but I am to be judged by a merciful "God, who is not willing to see what I have done

"amiss: and though of myself I have nothing to pre-"sent to him but sins and misery, yet I know he looks "not upon me now as I am of myself, but as I am in "my Saviour, and hath given me, even at this time, "some testimonies by his holy Spirit that I am of the "number of his elect: I am therefore full of joy, and "shall die in peace."

I must here look so far back as to tell the reader that at his first return out of Essex to preach his last sermon, his old friend and physician, Dr. Fox, a man of great worth, came to him to consult his health; and that after a sight of him, and some queries concerning his distempers, he told him, "That by cor-"dials and drinking milk twenty days together, there "was a probability of his restoration to health;" but he passionately denied to drink it. Nevertheless Dr. Fox, who loved him most entirely, wearied him with solicitations, till he yielded to take it for ten days; at the end of which time he told Dr. Fox, "he had "drunk it more to satisfy him than to recover his "health; and that he would not drink it ten days "longer upon the best moral assurance of having "twenty years added to his life, for he loved it not; "and that he was so far from fearing death, which is "the king of terrors, that he longed for the day of "his dissolution."

It is observed, that a desire of glory or commenda-

tion is rooted in the very nature of man, and that those of the severest and most mortified lives, though they may become so humble as to banish self-flattery, and such weeds as naturally grow there, yet they have not been able to kill this desire of glory, but that, like our radical heat, it will both live and die with us; and many think it should do so; and we want not sacred examples to justify the desire of having our memory to outlive our lives, which I mention, because Dr. Donne, by the persuasion of Dr. Fox, easily yielded, at this very time, to have a monument made for him; but Dr. Fox undertook not to persuade how or what it should be; that was left to Dr. Donne himself.

This being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it, and to bring with it a board of the height of his body: these being got, then, without delay, a choice painter was to be in a readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth—Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted to be shrowded and put into the grave: upon this urn he thus stood with his eyes shut, and with so much of

the sheet turned aside as might shew his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned toward the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour. Thus he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued, and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor Dr. King, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in the cathedral church of St. Paul's; and by Dr. Donne's own appointment these words were to be affixed to it as his epitaph:

JOHANNES DONNE,
Sac. Theol. Professor,
Post varia studia quibus ab annis tenerrimis
fideliter, nec infeliciter incubuit;
Instinctu et impulsu Sp. Sancti, monitu et hortatu
Regis Jacobi, Ordines Sacros amplexus
Anno sui Jesu 1614; et suæ ætatis 42.
Decanatu hujus Ecclesiæ indutus 27 Novembris 1621.
Exutus morte ultimo die Martii 1631.
Hic licet in occiduo cinere aspicit Eum
Cujus nomen est Oriens.

Upon Monday following he took his last leave of his beloved study, and, being sensible of his hourly

decay, retired himſelf to his bed-chamber; and that week ſent at ſeveral times for many of his moſt conſiderable friends, with whom he took a ſolemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their conſiderations ſome ſentences uſeful for the regulation of their lives, and then diſmiſſed them, as good Jacob did his ſons, with a ſpiritual benediction. The Sunday following he appointed his ſervants, that if there were any buſineſs undone that concerned him or themſelves, it ſhould be prepared againſt Saturday next; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with any thing that concerned this world, nor ever did; but as Job, ſo he "waited for the appointed time of "his diſſolution."

And now he had nothing to do but to die; to do which he ſtood in need of no longer time, for he had ſtudied it long, and to ſo happy a perfection, that in a former ſickneſs he called God to witneſs he was that minute ready to deliver his ſoul into his hands, if that minute God would determine his diſſolution*. In that ſickneſs he begged of God the conſtancy to be preſerved in that eſtate for ever; and his patient expectation to have his immortal ſoul diſrobed from her garment of mortality makes me confident he now had a modeſt aſſurance that his prayers were then heard, and his petition granted. He lay fifteen days earneſtly

* In his book of Devotions.

expecting his hourly change; and in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatifical vision, he said, "I were miserable if I might not die;" and after those words closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him, not to serve another master, but died before him; for that it was become useless to him that now conversed with God on earth, as angels are said to do in heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being speechless, he did, as St. Stephen, "look stedfastly towards heaven, till he saw the Son of God standing at the right hand of his Father:" and being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes; and then disposed his hands and body into such a posture as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.

Thus variable, thus virtuous, was the life; thus excellent, thus exemplary, was the death, of this memorable man.

He was buried in that place of St. Paul's church which he had appointed for that use some years before his death, and by which he passed daily to pay his

public devotions to almighty God; (who was then served twice a-day by a public form of prayer and praises in that place) but he was not buried privately, tho' he desired it; for beside an unnumbered number of others, many persons of nobility, and of eminency for learning, who did love and honour him in his life, did shew it at his death, by a voluntary and sad attendance of his body to the grave, where nothing was so remarkable as a public sorrow.

To which place of his burial some mournful friends repaired, and, as Alexander the Great did to the grave of the famous Achilles, so they strewed his with an abundance of curious and costly flowers; which course they (who were never yet known) continued morning and evening for many days, not ceasing till the stones that were taken up in that church to give his body admission into the cold earth (now his bed of rest) were again, by the mason's art, so levelled and firmed as they had been formerly, and his place of burial undistinguishable to common view.

Nor was this all the honour done to his reverend ashes; for as there be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a debtor; persons that dare trust God with their charity, and without a witness; so there was by some grateful unknown friend, that thought Dr. Donne's memory ought to be perpetuated, an hundred marks sent

to his two faithful friends * and executors, towards the making of his monument. It was not for many years known by whom; but after the death of Dr. Fox it was known that it was he that sent it; and he lived to see as lively a representation of his dead friend as marble can express; a statue indeed so like Dr. Donne, that (as his friend Sir Henry Wotton hath expressed himself) it seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle.

He was of stature moderately tall, of a straight and equally proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit, both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye shewed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

* Dr. King and Dr. Monfort.

He did much contemplate (especially after he entered into his sacred calling) the mercies of almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of heaven; and would often say, "Blessed be God that he is "God divinely like himself."

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it; a great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body; that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust:

But I shall see it reanimated.

J. W.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM LORD CRAVEN,

BARON OF HAMSTED-MARSHAM.

MY LORD,

MANY of these Poems have, for several impressions, wandered up and down, trusting (as well they might) upon the Author's reputation: neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindness of the printer, or the courtesy of the reader; the one by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned; the other by putting such an estimation upon the wit and fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own; as if a man should dig out the stones of a royal amphitheatre to build a stage for a country show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I find none so prodigious as the poets of these later times, wherein men, as if they would level understandings too as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and judgments, pretend as indifferently to the chair of wit as to the pulpit, and conceive themselves no less inspired with the spirit of poetry than with that of religion: so it is not only the noise of drums and trumpets which have drowned the Muse's harmony, or the fear that the church's ruin will destroy the priests likewise, that now frights them

from this country, where they have been ſo ingeniouſly received; but theſe rude pretenders to excellencies they unjuſtly own, who, profanely ruſhing into Minerva's temple, with noiſome airs blaſt the laurel which thunder cannot hurt. In this ſad condition theſe learned Siſters are fled over to beg your Lordſhip's protection, who have been ſo certain a patron both to arts and arms, and who, in this general confuſion, have ſo entirely preſerved your honour, that in your Lordſhip we may ſtill read a moſt perfect character of what England was in all her pomp and greatneſs: ſo that although theſe Poems were formerly written upon ſeveral occaſions to ſeveral perſons, they now unite themſelves, and are become one pyramid to ſet your Lordſhip's ſtatue upon, where you may ſtand, like armed Apollo, the defender of the Muſes, encouraging the poets now alive to celebrate your great acts, by affording your countenance to his Poems that wanted only ſo noble a ſubject.

My Lord, your moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN DONNE.

HEXASTICHON BIBLIOPOLÆ.

HERE in his laſt preach'd and printed book
His picture in a ſheet; in Paul's I look,
And ſee his ſtatue in a ſheet of ſtone,
And ſure his body in the grave hath one:
Thoſe ſheets preſent him dead; theſe if you buy
You have him living to eternity.

JO. MAR.

HEXASTICHON AD BIBLIOPOLAM.

INCERTI.

In thy impreſſion of DONNE's Poems rare
For his eternity thou haſt ta'en care:
'Twas well and pious; and for ever may
He live: yet I ſhew thee a better way;
Print but his ſermons, and if thoſe we buy
He, we, and thou, ſhall live t'eternity.

TO JOHN DONNE.

DONNE! the delight of Phœbus and each Muſe,
Who to thy one all other brains refuſe;
Whoſe ev'ry work of thy moſt early wit
Came forth example, and remain ſo yet;
Longer a-knowing than moſt wits do live,
And which no' affection praiſe enough can give;

To it thy language, letters, arts, beſt life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a ſtrife:
All which I mean to praiſe, and yet I would,
But leave becauſe I cannot as I ſhould.

BEN. JOHNSON.

TO JOHN DONNE.

Who ſhall doubt, Donne! where I a poet be,
When I dare ſend my Epigrams to thee?
That ſo alone canſt judge, ſo alone make,
And in thy cenſures evenly doſt take
As free ſimplicity to diſavow
As thou haſt beſt authority t' allow.
Read all I ſend; and if I find but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better ſtone,
My title 's ſeal'd. Thoſe that for claps do write
Let punys', porters', players', praiſe delight,
And till they burſt their backs like aſſes load:
A man ſhould ſeek great glory and not broad.

BEN. JOHNSON.

To the memory of my ever-deſired friend,

DR. DONNE.

To have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty'ſt flights, that is, like thee,
Or t' have had too much merit is not ſafe,
For ſuch exceſſes find no epitaph.

At common graves we have poetique eyes
Can melt themselves in easie elegies;
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, like the hatchments, to the hearse;
But at thine, poem or inscription
(Rich soul of wit and language) we have none:
Indeed a silence does that tomb befit
Where is no herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd Invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
Late her great patron, whose prerogative
Maintain'd and cloath'd her so, as none alive
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
Tho' he the Indies for her dowry estate:
Or else that awful fire which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fall'n into thy urn,
Lives there to fright rude empyrics from thence,
Which might prophane thee by their ignorance.
Whoever writes of thee, and in a style
Unworthy such a theme, does but revile
Thy precious dust, and wake a learned spirit,
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit;
For all a low-pitcht fancie can devise
Will prove at best but hallow'd injuries.
 Thou, like the dying swan *, didst lately sing
Thy mournful dirge in audience of the King,

* His last Sermon at court.

When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath
Preſented ſo to life that piece of death,
That it was fear'd and propheſy'd by all
Thou thither cam'ſt to preach thy funeral.
O! hadſt thou in an elegiac knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
And in thy high victorious numbers beat
The ſolemn meaſure of thy griev'd retreat,
Thou might'ſt the poet's ſervice now have miſt,
As well as then thou didſt prevent the prieſt,
And never to the world beholden be
So much as for an epitaph for thee.
  I do not like the office; nor is 't fit
Thou, who didſt lend our age ſuch ſums of wit,
Shouldſt not re-borrow from her bankrupt myne
That ore to bury thee which once was thine;
Rather ſtill leave us in thy debt; and know,
(Exalted Soul!) more glory 't is to owe
Unto thy hearſe, what we can never pay,
Than with embaſed coyn thoſe rites defray.
  Commit we then thee to thyſelf; nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy own fame
Leave thee executor, ſince but thy own
No pen could do thee juſtice, nor bays crown
Thy vaſt deſert; ſave that we nothing can
Depute to be thy aſhes' guardian.
So jewellers no art or metal truſt
To form the diamond but the diamond's duſt.

H. K.

In obitum venerabilis viri

JOHANNIS DONNE,

Sacræ Theologiæ Doctoris, Ecclesiæ Cathedralis D. Pauli Super Decani; illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi colende vir) observantiæ ergo hæc ego.

Conquerar? ignavoque sequar tua funera planctu?
Sed, lacrymæ, clausistis iter; nec muta querelas
Lingua potest proferre pias: ignoscite, manes
Defuncti, et tacito sinite indulgere dolori.
Sed scelus est tacuisse: cadant in mœsta lituræ
Verba. Tuis, (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe jussis
Cœpta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
Aversare tuâ non dignum laude poetam.
O si Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuisset,
Inque meum à vestro migraret pectore pectus
Musa; repentinos tua nosceret urna furores.
Sed frustra, heu! frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto:
Tecum abiit, summoque sedens jam monte Thalia
Ridet anhelantes, Parnassi et culmina vates
Desperare jubet. Verùm hac nolente coactos
Scribimus audaces numeros, et flebile carmen
Scribimus (O soli qui te dilexit) habendum.
Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus
Clausit? et immerito merguntur funere virtus
Et pietas, et quæ poterant fecisse beatum.
Cætera? sed nec te poterant servare beatum.

Quo mihi doctrinam? quorsum impallescere chartis
Nocturnis juvat, et totidem olfecisse lucernas?
Decolor et longos studiis deperdere soles,
Ut priùs, aggredior, longamque accessere famam.
Omnia sed frustra: mihi dum cunctisque minatur
Exitium crudele et inexorabile fatum.

Nam post te sperare nihil decet: hoc mihi restat,
Ut moriar, tenues fugiatque obscurus in auras
Spiritus: O doctis saltem si cognitus umbris
Illic te (venerande) iterum (venerande) videbo;
Et dulces audire sonos, et verba diserti
Oris, et æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces:
Queis ferus infernæ tacuisset janitor aulæ
Auditis, Nilusque minàs strepuisset; Arion
Cederet, et, sylvas quá post se traxerat, Orpheus.
Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
Vociferos potuit; quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infestus, non motus ut illo
Hortante, et blando victus sermone sileret?

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat;
Singula sic decuêre senem, sic omnia. Vidi,
Audivi, et stupui, quoties orator in Æde
Paulinâ stetit, et mirâ gravitate levantes
Corda oculosque viros tenuit: dum Nestoris ille
Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle!)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
Non concessa priùs, nondum intellecta: revolvunt
Mirantes, tacitique arrectis auribus astant.

Mutatis mox ille modo formâque loquendi
Tristia pertractat: fatumque et flebile mortis
Tempus, et in cineres redeunt quòd corpora primos.
Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres,
Forsitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum stillat rorem: ætheris illo
Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
Affectusque ciere suos, et ponere notæ
Vocis ad arbitrium; divinæ oracula mentis
Dum narrat, rostrisque potens dominatur in altis.
Quo feror? audaci et forsan pietate licenti
In nimiâ ignoscas vati, qui vatibus oli
Egregium decus, et tanto excellentior unus,
Omnibus inferior quanto est et pessimus, impar
Laudibus hi dice, tibi qui nunc facit ista, poeta.
Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi sacra? poëtæ,
Desinite: en fati certus sibi voce canorâ
Inferias præmisit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
(Ultima volventem et cygnæâ voce loquentem)
Nup . cum, turba et magnatum audiret in Aulâ.
Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc affuit illi
Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in tellure recubabit,
Vermibus esca, pio malint nisi parcere: quidni
Incipiant et amare famen? Metuêre leones
Sic olim; sacrosque artus violare Prophetæ
Bellua non ausa est, quanquam jejuna, sitimque
Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore.

At non hæc de te ſperabimus; omina carpit
Predator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forſan metrico pede ſerpet ab inde.
Vescere, et exhauſto ſatia te ſanguine. Jam nos
Aſſumus; et poſt te cupiet quis vivere? poſt te
Quis volet, aut poterit? nam poſt te vivere mors eſt.
Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras;
Sufficit et tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce
Non feſtinanti æternùm requieſcere turbæ.
Ipſa fatis properat, quæ neſcit parca morari,
Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque occare videmus,
Quin rurſus (venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te,
Quo Deus et quo dura volet Natura, ſequemur.
Depoſitum interea lapides, ſervate fideles.
Fœlices! illâ queis Ædis parte locari,
Quâ jacet iſte, datur. Forſan lapis inde loquetur
Parturietque viro plenus teſtantia luctus
Verba; et carminibus, quæ Domni ſuggeret illi
Spiritus, inſolitos teſtari voce calores
Incipiet: (non ſic Pyrrhâ jactante calebat.)
Mole ſub hac tegitur, quicquid mortale relictum eſt
De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Ædi huic,
Formoſi pecoris paſtor formoſior ipſe.
Ite igitur, digniſque illum celebrate loquelis,
Et, quæ demuntur vitæ, date tempora famæ.

Indignus tantorum meritorum præco, virtutum tuarum cultor religioſiſſimus,

DANIEL DARNELLY.

THE DEATH OF DR. DONNE.

...ot blame thoſe men that knew thee well,
...e not help the world to ring thy knell
...eful elegies; there 's not language known
...r for thy mention but 't was firſt thy own.
The epitaphs thou writ'ſt have ſo bereft
Our tongue of wit, there is no fancy left
Enough to weep thee: what henceforth we ſee
Of art or nature muſt reſult from thee.
There may, perchance, ſome buſy-gathering friend
Steal from thy own Works, and that, varied, lend
Which thou beſtow'dſt on others, to thy hearſe,
And ſo thou ſhalt live ſtill in thine own verſe:
He that ſhall venture farther may commit
A pity'd error; ſhew his zeal, not wit.
Fate hath done mankind wrong: virtue may aim
Reward of conſcience, never can of Fame;
Since her great trumpet 's broke, could only give
Faith to the world, command it to believe.
He then muſt write, that would define thy parts,
Here lies the beſt Divinity, all the Arts.

EDW. HYDE.

An Elegie upon the incomparable

DR. DONNE.

All is not well when ſuch a one as I
Dare peep abroad and write an elegy:
When ſmaller ſtars appear, and give their light,
Phœbus is gone to bed. Were it not night,
And the world witleſs now that Donne is dead,
You ſooner ſhould have broke than ſeen my head.
Dead! did I ſay? forgive this injurie
I do him and his worth's infinitie,
To ſay he is but dead; I dare aver
It better may be term'd a maſſacre
Than ſleep or death. See how the Muſes mourn
Upon their oaten reeds! and from his urn
Threaten the world with this calamity,
They ſhall have ballads, but no poetry.
  Language lies ſpeechleſs, and divinitie
Loſt ſuch a trump as ev'n to ecſtaſie
Could charm the ſoul, and had an influence
To teach beſt judgments and pleaſe dulleſt ſenſe.
The court, the church, the univerſitie,
Loſt Chaplain, Dean, and Doctor, all theſe three.
It was his merit that his funeral
Could cauſe a loſs ſo great and general.

If there be any spirit can answer give
Of such as hence depart to such as live,
Speak, doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to dust, and feel the laws of Fate?
Methinks corruption, worms, what else is foul,
Should spare the temple of so fair a soul.
I could believe they do, but that I know
What inconvenience might hereafter grow;
Succeeding ages would idolatrize,
And as his numbers so his reliques prize.
If that philosopher which did avow
The world to be but motes were living now,
He would affirm that th' atomes of his mould,
Were they in several bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of travellers, divines,
Of linguists, poets; sith these several lines
In him concentred were, and flowing thence
Might fill again the world's circumference.
I could believe this too, and yet my faith
Not want a precedent. The phœnix hath
(And such was he) a power to animate
Her ashes, and herself perpetuate.
But, busy Soul! thou dost not well to pry
Into these secrets; grief and jealousy
The more they know the further still advance,
And find no way so safe as ignorance.
Let this suffice thee, that his soul, which flew
A pitch, of all admir'd, known but of few,

(Save thoſe of purer mould) is now tranſlated
From earth to heaven, and there conſtellated:
For if each prieſt of God ſhine as a ſtar,
His glory 's as his gifts, 'bove others far.

HEN. VALENTINE.

AN ELEGIE UPON DR. DONNE.

Our Donne is dead! England ſhould mourn, may ſay
We had a man where Language choſe to ſtay,
And ſhew her graceful pow'r. I would not praiſe
That and his vaſt wit, (which in theſe vain days
Make many proud) but as they ſerv'd t' unlock
That cabinet his mind, where ſuch a ſtock
Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
(Or ſhould) this gen'ral cauſe of diſcontent.
  And I rejoice I am not ſo ſevere
But (as I write a line) to weep a tear
For his deceaſe: ſuch ſad extremities
May makeſuch men as I write elegies.
  And wonder not; for when a gen'ral loſs
Falls on a nation, and they ſlight the croſs,
God hath rais'd prophets to awaken them
From ſtupefaction; witneſs my mild pen,
Not us'd t' upbraid the world, tho' now it muſt
Freely and boldly, for the cauſe is juſt.
  Dull age! oh! I would ſpare thee, but th' art worſe,
Thou art not only dull, but haſt a curſe

Of black ingratitude; if not, couldſt thou
Part with miraculous Donne, and make no vow
For thee and thine, ſucceſſively to pay
A ſad remembrance to his dying day?
 Did his youth ſcatter poetry, wherein
Was all philoſophy? was every ſin
Character'd in his Satires, made ſo foul,
That ſome have fear'd their ſhapes, and kept their ſoul
Safer by reading verſe? Did he give days,
Paſt marble monuments, to thoſe whoſe praiſe
He would perpetuate? did he (I fear
The dull will doubt) theſe at his twentieth year?
 But, more matur'd, did his full ſoul conceive,
And in harmonious holy numbers weave
A Crown * of Sacred Sonnets, fit t' adorn
A dying martyr's brow, or to be worn
On that bleſt head of Mary Magdalen,
After ſhe wip'd Chriſt's feet, but not till then?
Did he (fit for ſuch penitents as ſhe
And he to uſe) leave us a Litanie
Which all devout men love? and ſure it ſhall,
As times grow better, grow more claſſical.
Did he write hymns, for piety, for wit,
Equal to thoſe great, grave, Prudentius writ?
Spake he all languages? knew he all laws?
The grounds and uſe of phyſic? (but becauſe

* La Corona.

'Twas mercenary wav'd it) went to ſee
The bleſſed place of Chriſt's nativitie?
Did he return and preach him? preach him ſo,
As ſince St. Paul none did, none could? thoſe know,
Such as were bleſt to hear him, this is truth.
Did he confirm th' aged, convert the youth?
Did he theſe wonders? and is this dear loſs
Mourn'd by ſo few? (few for ſo great a croſs.)
 But ſure the ſilent are ambitious all
To be cloſe mourners at his funeral:
If not, in common pity they forbear,
By repetitions, to renew our care;
Or knowing grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, conſumes
Man irreparably, (as poyſon'd fumes
Do waſte the brain) make ſilence a ſafe way
T' enlarge the ſoul from theſe walls, mud and clay,
(Materials of this body) to remain
With Donne in heav'n, where no promiſcuous pain
Leſſens the joy we have; for with him all
Are ſatisfy'd with joys eſſential.
Dwell on this joy, my thoughts: oh! do not call
Grief back by thinking of his funeral.
Forget he lov'd me; waſte not my ſad years
(Which haſte to David's ſeventy) fill'd with fears
And ſorrow for his death; forget his parts,
Which find a living grave in good men's hearts;
And (for my firſt is daily paid for ſin)
Forget to pay my ſecond ſigh for him;

Forget his powerful preaching, and forget
I am his convert. Oh! my frailty! let
My fleſh be no more heard; it will obtrude
This lethargy; ſo ſhould my gratitude,
My flows of gratitude ſhould ſo be broke,
Which can no more be than Donne's virtues ſpoke
By any but himſelf; for which cauſe I
Write no encomium, but this elegy,
Which as a free-will off'ring I here give
Fame and the world; and, parting with it, grieve
I want abilities fit to ſet forth
A monument great as Donne's matchleſs worth.

ELEGY ON DR. DONNE.

Now, by one year, time and our frailty have
Leſſen'd our firſt confuſion, ſince the grave
Clos'd thy dear aſhes, and the tears which flow
In theſe have no ſprings but of ſolid woe;
Or they are drops which cold amazement froze
At thy deceaſe, and will not thaw in proſe.
All ſtreams of verſe which ſhall lament that day
Do truly to the ocean tribute pay;
But they have loſt their ſaltneſs, which the eye,
In recompenſe of wit, ſtrives to reply.
Paſſion's exceſs for thee we need not fear,
Since firſt by thee our paſſions hallow'd were:
Thou madſt our ſorrows, which before had been,
Only for the ſucceſs, ſorrows for ſin:

We owe thee all thoſe tears, now thou art dead,
Which we ſhed not, which for ourſelves we ſhed:
Nor didſt thou only conſecrate our tears,
Give a religious tincture to our fears,
But ev'n our joys had learn'd an innocence;
Thou didſt from gladneſs ſeparate offence.
All minds at once ſuckt grace from thee, as where
(The curſe revok'd) the nations had one ear.
Pious diſſector, they one hour did treat
The thouſand mazes of the heart's deceit;
Thou didſt purſue our lov'd and ſubtile ſin,
Thro' all the foldings we have wrapt it in
And in thine own large mind finding the way
By which ourſelves we from ourſelves convey;
Didſt in us, narrow models, know the ſame
Angels, tho' darker, in our meaner frame.
How ſhort of praiſe is this? My Muſe, alas!
Climbs weakly to that truth which none can paſs.
He that writes beſt can only hope to leave
A character of all he could conceive,
But none of thee; and with me muſt confeſs
That Fancy finds ſome check, from an exceſs
Of merit moſt, of nothing it hath ſpun,
And truth, as reaſon's taſk and theme, doth ſhun:
She makes a fairer flight in emptineſs
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppreſs.
Reaſon again denys her ſcales, becauſe
Her's are but ſcales, ſhe judges by the laws

Of weak comparison; thy virtue slights
Her feeble beam and her unequal weights.
What prodigie of wit and pietie
Hath she else known by which to measure thee?
Great Soul! we can no more the worthiness
Of what you were than what you are express.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

An Elegie upon the Dean of St. Paul's,

DR. JOHN DONNE,

BY MR. THOMAS CARY.

Can we not force from widow'd Poetry,
Now thou art dead, great Donne! an elegy
To crown thy hearse? why yet dare we not trust,
Tho' with unkneaded dough-bak'd prose, thy dust?
Such as the unscissor'd churchman from the flow'r
Of fading rhetorique, short-liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay
Upon thy ashes on the funeral day?
Have we no voice, no tune? didst thou dispense
Thro' all our language both the words and sense?
'Tis a sad truth. The Pulpit may her plain
And sober Christian precepts still retain;
Doctrines it may and wholesome uses frame,
[illegible] homilies and lectures, but the flame

Of thy brave ſoul, that ſhot ſuch heat and light
As burnt our earth, and made our darkneſs bright,
Committed holy rapes upon our will,
Did thro' the eye the melting heart diſtil,
And the deep knowledge of dark truths ſo teach,
As ſenſe might judge what fancy could not reach,
Muſt be deſir'd for ever. So the fire
That fills with ſpirit and heat the Delphique choir,
Which, kindled firſt by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quencht now in thy death.
The Muſes' garden, with pedantique weeds
O'erſpread, was purg'd by thee; the lazy ſeeds
Of ſervile imitation thrown away,
And freſh invention planted. Thou didſt pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,
Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage
A mimique fury, when our ſouls muſt be
Poſſeſt or with Anacreon's ecſtaſie
Or Pindar's, not their own. The ſubtile cheat
Of ſhe-exchanges, and the jugling feat
Of two-edg'd words, or whatſoever wrong
By our's was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
Thou hadſt redeem'd, and open'd us a myne
Of rich and pregnant fancy, drawn a line
Of maſculine expreſſion, which had good
Old Orpheus ſeen, or all the ancient brood
Our ſuperſtitious fools admire, and hold
Their lead more precious than thy burniſ

Thou hadſt been their exchequer, and no more
They in each other's duſt had rak'd for ore.
Thou ſhalt yield no precedence but of time,
And the blind fate of language, whoſe tun'd chime
More charms the outward ſenſe; yet thou may'ſt claim
From ſo great diſadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our ſtubborn language bends, made only fit
With her tough thick-ribb'd hoops to gird about
Thy giant fancy, which had prov'd too ſtout
For their ſoft melting phraſes. As in time
They had the ſtart, ſo did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year,
And left the rifled fields, beſides the fear
To touch their harveſt; yet from thoſe bare lands
Of what is purely thine thy only hands
(And that thy ſmalleſt work) have gleaned more
Than all thoſe times and tongues could reap before.
But thou art gone, and thy ſtrict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in poetrie:
They will repeal the goodly exil'd train
Of gods and goddeſſes, which in thy juſt reign
Were baniſh'd nobler poems: now with theſe
The ſilenc'd tales o' th' Metamorphoſes
Shall ſtuff their lines, and ſwell the windy page,
Till verſe, refin'd by thee, in this laſt age,
Turn ballad-rhyme; or thoſe old idols be
Ador'd again with new apoſtaſie.

Oh! pardon me, that break with untun'd verſe
The rev'rend ſilence that attends thy hearſe,
Whoſe awful ſolemn murmurs were to thee,
More than theſe faint lines, a loud elegie,
That did proclaim, in a dumb eloquence,
The death of all the Arts; whoſe influence,
Grown feeble, in theſe panting numbers lies
Gaſping ſhort-winded accents, and ſo dies.
So doth the ſwiftly-turning wheel not ſtand
In th' inſtant we withdraw the moving hand,
But ſome ſmall time maintains a faint weak courſe,
By virtue of the firſt impulſive force;
And ſo, whilſt I caſt on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of bays, oh! let it crack a while,
And ſpit diſdain, till the devouring flaſhes
Suck all the moiſture up, then turn to aſhes.
I will not draw the envy to engroſs
All thy perfections, or weep all our loſs;
Thoſe are too num'rous for an elegie,
And this too great to be expreſs'd by me.
Tho' ev'ry pen ſhould ſhare a diſtinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the reſt; it ſhall ſuffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph inciſe:
Here lies a king that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The univerſal monarchy of wit:
Here lie two flamens, and both thoſe the beſt,
Apollo's firſt, at laſt the true God's prieſt.

AN ELEGIE ON DR. DONNE,

BY SIR LUCIUS CARY.

Poets! attend; the elegie I ſing
Both of a double named prieſt and king:
Inſtead of coats and pendants bring your verſe,
For you muſt be chief mourners at his hearſe:
A tomb your Muſe muſt to his fame ſupply,
No other monuments can never die:
And as he was a two-fold prieſt, in youth
Apollo's, afterwards the voice of Truth,
God's conduit pipe for grace, who choſe him for
His extraordinary embaſſador;
So let his liegers with the poets joyn;
Both having ſhares, both muſt in grief combine.
Whilſt Johnſon forceth with his elegie
Tears from a grief-unknowing Scythian's eye,
(Like Moſes, at whoſe ſtroke the waters guſht
From forth the rock, and like a torrent ruſht)
Let Laud his funeral-ſermon preach, and ſhow
Thoſe virtues dull eyes were not apt to know;
Nor leave that piercing theme, till it appears
To be Good-Friday by the church's tears:
Yet make not grief too long oppreſs our powers,
Leſt that his fun'ral-ſermon ſhould prove ours;
Nor yet forget that heavenly eloquence
With which he did the bread of life diſpenſe;

Preacher and orator discharg'd both parts,
With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts;
And the first such (tho' a long-studied art
Tell us our soul is all in every part)
None was so marble but, whilst him he hears,
His soul so long dwelt only in his ears,
And from thence (with the fierceness of a flood
Bearing down vice) victuall'd with that blest food
Their hearts. His seed in none could fail to grow;
Fertile he found them all, or made them so:
No druggist of the soul bestow'd on all
So catholiquely a curing cordial.
Nor only in the pulpit dwelt his store;
His words work'd much, but his example more;
That preach'd on worky-days his poetry,
Itself was oftentimes divinity;
Those Anthems (almost second psalms) he writ
To make us know the cross, and value it,
(Altho' we owe that reverence to that name
We should not need warmth from an under-flame)
Creates a fire in us so near extreme,
That we would dye for and upon this theme.
Next, his so pious Litany, which none can
But count divine, except a Puritan;
And that, but for the name, nor this nor those
Want any thing of sermons but the prose.
Experience makes us see that many a one
Owes to his country his religion,

And in another would as ſtrongly grow,
Had but his nurſe and mother taught him ſo:
Not he the ballaſt on his judgment hung,
Nor did his preconceit do either wrong.
He labour'd to exclude whatever ſin,
By time or careleſſneſs, had enter'd in;
Winnow'd the chaff from wheat, but yet was loth
A too hot zeal ſhould force him burn them both;
Nor would allow of that ſo ignorant gall
Which, to ſave blotting, often would blot all;
Nor did thoſe barbarous opinions own,
To think the organs ſin and faction none:
Nor was there expectation to gain grace
From forth his ſermons only, but his face;
So primitive a look, ſuch gravity
With humbleneſs, and both with piety.
So mild was Moſes' count'nance when he pray'd
For them whoſe Sataniſm his pow'r gainſay'd;
And ſuch his gravity, when all God's band
Receiv'd his word (thro' him) at ſecond hand,
Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move
Than ever Argive Helen's could of love.
Now, to conclude, I muſt my reaſon bring
Wherefore I call'd him in his title King.
That kingdom the philoſophers believ'd
To excel Alexander's, nor were griev'd
By fear of loſs (that being ſuch a prey
No ſtronger than one's ſelf can force away)

The kingdom of one's ſelf, this he enjoy'd,
And his authority ſo well employ'd,
That never any could before become
So great a monarch in ſo ſmall a room:
He conquer'd rebel paſſions, rul'd them ſo,
As under-ſphears by the firſt mover go;
Baniſht ſo far their working, that we can
But know he had ſome, for we knew him man:
Then let his laſt excuſe his firſt extreams;
His age ſaw viſions, tho' his youth dream'd dreams.

ON DR. JOHN DONNE,

LATE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

Long ſince this taſk of tears from you was due;
Long ſince, O Poets! he did die to you,
Or left you dead, when Wit and he took flight
On divine wings, and ſoar'd out of your ſight.
Preachers! 'tis you muſt weep; the wit he taught
You do enjoy; the rebels which he brought
From ancient diſcord, giant faculties,
And now no more religion's enemies:
Honeſt to knowing, unto virtuous ſweet,
Witty to good, and learned to diſcreet,
He reconcil'd, and bid th' uſurper go;
Dulneſs to vice, religion ought to flow.
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not baniſh, but tranſplanted it;

Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
To piety, which it doth best become.
He shew'd us how for sins we ought to sigh,
And how to sing Christ's epithalamy.
The altars had his fires, and there he spoke
Incense of loves, and fancy's holy smoke.
Religion thus enrich'd the people train'd,
And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd.
The first effects sprung in the giddy mind
Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kind,
By colours led, and drawn to a pursuit,
Now once again by beauty of the fruit,
As if their longings too must set us free,
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dress?
Have you known crimes so shap'd? or loveliness
Such as his lips did cloath religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty passing sin?
Corrupted Nature sorrow'd when she stood
So near the danger of becoming good,
And wish'd our so inconstant ears exempt
From piety that had such pow'r to tempt.
Did not his sacred flattery beguile
Man to amendment? the law, taught to smile,
Pension'd our vanity, and man grew well
Thro' the same frailty by the which he fell.
O the sick state of man! health doth not please
Our tastes, but in the shape of the disease.

Thriftlefs is charity, coward patience,
Juftice is cruel, mercy want of fenfe.
What means our nature to bar Virtue place,
If fhe do come in her own cloaths and face?
Is good a pill we dare not chaw to know?
Senfe, the foul's fervant, doth it keep us fo
As we might ftarve for good, unlefs it firft
Do leave a pawn of relifh in the guft?
Or have we to falvation no tie
At all but that of our infirmitie?
Who treats with us muft our affections move
To th' good we flie by thofe fweets which we love;
Muft feek our palats, and, with their delight
To gain our deeds, muft bribe our appetite.
Thefe trains he knew, and, laying nets to fave,
Temptingly fugar'd all the health he gave.
But where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the world. Now the loud organ may
Appear, the better voyce is fled, to have
A thoufand times the fweetnefs which it gave.
I cannot fay how many thoufand fpirits
The fingle happinefs this foul inherits
Damns in the other world, fouls whom no crofs
O' th' fenfe afflicts but only of the lofs;
Whom ignorance would half fave, all whofe pain
Is not in what they feel, but others' gain;
Self-executing wretched fpirits, who,
Carrying their guilt, tranfport their envy too.

But thoſe high joys which his wit's youngeſt flame
Would hurt to chooſe, ſhall not we hurt to name?
Verſe-ſtatues are all robbers; all we make
Of monument thus doth not give, but take:
As ſails which ſeamen to a fore-wind ſit
By a reſiſtance go along with it;
So pens grow while they leſſen fame ſo left;
A weak aſſiſtance is a kind of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his tears upon
Muſt weep here, if he have ambition.

J. CHUDLEIGH.

ON DR. DONNE'S DEATH,

BY MR. MAYNE OF CHRIST-CHURCH IN OXFORD.

Who ſhall preſume to mourn thee, Donne! unleſs
He could his tears in thy expreſſions dreſs,
And teach his grief that rev'rence of thy hearſe,
To weep lines learned as thy Anniverſe?
A poem of that worth, whoſe every tear
Deſerves the title of a ſeveral year:
Indeed ſo far above its reader good,
That we are thought wits when 't is underſtood.
There that bleſt maid to dye who now ſhould grieve?
After thy ſorrow 't were her loſs to live,
And her fair virtues in another's line
Would faintly dawn, which are made ſaints in thine.

Hadst thou been shallower, and not writ so high,
Or left some new way for our pen or eye
To shed a funeral tear, perchance thy tomb
Had not been speechless, or our Muses dumb;
But now we dare not write, but must conceal
Thy epitaph, lest we be thought to steal:
For who hath read thee, and discerns thy worth,
That will not say thy careless hours brought forth
Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play
Was happier than our serious time of day?
So learned was thy chance, thy haste had wit,
And matter from thy pen flow'd rashly fit.
What was thy recreation turns our brain,
Our rack and paleness is thy weakest strain;
And when we most come near thee, 't is our bliss
To imitate thee where thou dost amiss.
Here light your Muse, you that do only think
And write, and are just poets as you drink,
In whose weak fancies wit doth ebb and flow
Just as your reck'nings rise, that we may know,
In your whole carriage of your work, that here
This flash you wrote in wine, and that in beer.
This is to tap your Muse, which, running long,
Writes flat, and takes our ear not half so strong;
Poor suburb wits, who if you want your cup,
Or if a lord recover, are blown up.
Could you but reach this height, you should not need
To make each meal a project ere you feed,

Nor walk in reliques' cloaths so old and bare,
As if left off to you from Ennius were;
Nor should your love in verse call mistress those
Who are mine hostess, or your whores, in prose.
From this Muse learn to court, whose power could
A cloyster'd coldness or a Vestal love, [move
And would convey such errants to their ear,
That ladies knew no odds to grant and hear.
But I do wrong thee, Donne! and this low praise
Is written only for thy younger days:
I am not grown up for thy riper parts,
Then should I praise thee thro' the tongues and arts,
And have that deep divinity to know
What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,
Who with thy words could charm thy audience,
That at thy sermons ear was all our sense.
Yet I have seen thee in the pulpit stand,
Where we might take notes from thy look and hand,
And from thy speaking action bear away
More sermon than some teachers use to say.
Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,
As could divide the heart, and conscience touch.
Thy motion did confute, and we might see
An errour vanquish'd by delivery:
Not like our sons of zeal, who, to reform
Their hearers, fiercely at the pulpit storm,
And beat the cushion into worse estate
Than if they did conclude it reprobate;

Who can out-pray the glass, then lay about
Till all predestination be run out,
And from the point such tedious uses draw,
Their repetitions would make gospel law.
No; in such temper would thy sermons flow,
So well did doctrine and thy language show,
And had that holy fear, as, hearing thee,
The court would mend, and a good Christian be;
And ladies, tho' unhandsome, out of grace,
Would hear thee in their unbought looks and face.
More I could write, but let this crown thine urn,
We cannot hope the like till thou return.

UPON MR. J. DONNE

AND HIS POEMS.

Who dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
Unburied yet this living part of thee;
This part, that to thy being gives fresh flame,
And, tho' thou 'rt Donne, yet will preserve thy name?
Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimson hue,
And whey-like ran at last in a pale blue)
May shew thee mortal; a dead palsy may
Seise on 't, and quickly turn it into clay,
Which, like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd;
But this great spirit thou hast left behind,
This soul of Verse, in its first pure estate
Shall live, for all the world to imitate,

But not come near; for in thy fancy's flight
Thou doſt not ſtoop unto the vulgar ſight,
But hovering highly in the air of Wit,
Holdſt ſuch a pitch that few can follow it;
Admire they may. Each object that the ſpring
(Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
T' adorn earth's face, thou ſweetly didſt contrive
To beauty's elements, and thence derive
Unſpotted lilly's white; which thou didſt ſet
Hand in hand with the vein-like violet,
Making them ſoft and warm, and by thy power
Couldſt give both life and ſenſe unto a flower.
The cherries thou haſt made to ſpeak will be
Sweeter unto the taſte than from the tree;
And, ſpight of winter-ſtorms, amidſt the ſnow
Thou oft' haſt made the bluſhing roſe to grow.
The ſea-nymphs, that the watry caverns keep,
Have ſent their pearls and rubies from the deep
To deck thy love, and, plac'd by thee, they drew
More luſtre to them than where firſt they grew.
All minerals that earth's full womb doth hold
Promiſcuouſly thou couldſt convert to gold,
And with thy flaming raptures ſo refine,
That it was much more pure than in the myne.
The lights that gild the night, if thou didſt ſay
They look like eyes, thoſe did outſhine the day;
For there would be more virtue in ſuch ſpells
Than in meridians or croſs parallels.

Whatever was of worth in this great frame,
That art could comprehend or wit could name,
It was thy theme for beauty: thou didſt ſee
Woman was this fair world's epitome.
Thy nimble Satires, too, and ev'ry ſtrain
With nervy ſtrength that iſſu'd from thy brain,
Will loſe the glory of their own clear bays,
If they admit of any other's praiſe.
But thy diviner poems, whoſe clear fire
Purges all droſs away, ſhall by a choir
Of cherubims with heav'nly notes be ſet:
(Where fleſh and blood could ne'er attain to yet)
There pureſt ſpirits ſing ſuch ſacred lays
In panegyrique hallelujahs.

ARTH. WILSON

IN MEMORY OF DR. DONNE,

BY MR. R. B.

DONNE dead! 't is here reported true, tho' I
Ne'er yet ſo much deſir'd to hear a lye.
'Tis true, too true, for ſo we find it ſtill,
Good news are often falſe, but ſeldom ill.
But muſt poor Fame tell us his fatal day,
And ſhall we know his death the common way?
Methinks ſome comet bright ſhould have foretold
The death of ſuch a man; for tho' of old

'Tis held that comets princes' deaths foretell,
Why should not his have needed one as well,
Who was the prince of wits, 'mongst whom he reign'd
High as a prince, and as great state maintain'd?
Yet wants he not his sign, for we have seen
A dearth, the like to which hath never been,
Treading on harvest heels, which doth presage
The dearth of wit and learning, which this age
Shall find, now he is gone; for tho' there be
Much grain in shew, none brought it forth as he.
Or men are misers, or if true want raises
The dearth, then more that dearth Donne's plenty praises.
Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
And poesie, past ravishing of sense,
He had a magazine, wherein such store
Was laid up as might hundreds serve of poor.
But he is gone! O! how will his desire
Torture all those that warm'd them by his fire?
Methinks I see him in the pulpit standing,
Nor ears or eyes, but all men's hearts commanding,
Where we that heard him to ourselves did feign
Golden Chrysostome was yet alive again;
And never were we wearied, till we saw
His hour (and but an hour) to end did draw.
How did he shame the doctrine-men, and use,
With helps to boot for men to bear th' abuse
Of their tir'd patience, and endure th' expense
Of time, O spent in heark'ning to nonsense!

With marks alſo enough, whereby to know
The ſpeaker is a zealous dunce, or ſo.
'Tis true, they quitted him to their poor pow'r;
They humm'd againſt him, and with face moſt ſow'r
Call'd him a ſtrong-lin'd man, a macaroon,
And no way fit to ſpeak to clouted ſhoon.
"As fine words truly as you would deſire;
"But, verily, but a bad edifier."
Thus did theſe beetles ſlight in him that good
They could not ſee, and much leſs underſtood.
But we may ſay, when we compare the ſtuff
Both wrought, he was a candle, they the ſnuff.
Well, Wiſdom's of her children juſtify'd,
Let therefore theſe poor fellows ſtand aſide;
Nor, tho' of learning he deſerv'd ſo highly,
Would I his book ſhould ſave him; rather ſlily
I ſhould adviſe his clergy not to pray,
Tho' of the learnedſt ſort; methinks that they
Of the ſame trade are judges not ſo fit;
There's no ſuch emulation as of wit.
Of ſuch the envy might as much perchance
Wrong him, and more, than th' other's ignorance.
It was his fate, I know't, to be envy'd
As much by clerks as laymen magnify'd:
And why? but 'cauſe he came late in the day,
And yet his penny earn'd, and had as they.
No more of this, leſt ſome ſhould ſay that I
Am ſtray'd to ſatire, meaning elegy.

No, no; had Donne need to be judg'd or try'd,
A jury I would summon on his side
That had no sides nor factions past the touch
Of all exceptions, freed from passion, such
As not to fear nor flatter e'er were bred;
These would I bring, tho' called from the dead:
Southampton, Hamilton, Pembroke, Dorset's earls,
Huntington, Bedford's countesses, the pearls
Once of each sex. If these suffice not, I
Ten *decem tales*, have of standers-by;
All which for Donne would such a verdict give
As can belong to none that now doth live.
But what do I? a diminution 't is
To speak of him in verse so short of his,
Whereof he was the master; all, indeed,
Compar'd with him pip'd on an oaten reed.
O that you had but one, 'mongst all your brothers,
Could write for him as he hath done for others!
Poets I speak to: when I see 't I'll say
My eyesight betters as my years decay.
Mean-time a quarrel I shall ever have
Against these doughty keepers from the grave,
Who use, it seems, their old authority,
When verses men immortal make they cry;
Which had it been a *recipe* true try'd,
Probatum est, Donne had never dy'd.
For me, if e'er I had least spark at all
Of that which they poetique fire do call,

Here I confeſs it fetched from his hearth,
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
This only a poor flaſh, a lightning is
Before my Muſe's death, as after his.
Farewell, fair Soul! and deign receive from me
This type of that devotion I owe thee,
From whom, while living, as by voice and pen
I learned more than from a thouſand men,
So by thy death am of one doubt releas'd,
And now believe that miracles are ceas'd.

EPITAPH ON DR. DONNE,

BY DR. CORBET, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

He that would write an epitaph for thee,
And do it well, muſt firſt begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd ſo:
He muſt have wit to ſpare and to hurl down,
Enough to keep the gallants of the Town:
He muſt have learning plenty; both the laws,
Civil and Common, to judge any cauſe;
Divinity great ſtore above the reſt,
Not of the laſt edition, but the beſt.
He muſt have language, travel, all the arts;
Judgment to uſe, or elſe he wants thy parts:
He muſt have friends the higheſt, able to do,
Such as Mecænas, and Auguſtus too;

He muſt have ſuch a ſickneſs, ſuch a death,
Or elſe his vain deſcriptions come beneath.
Who then ſhall write an epitaph for thee,
He muſt be dead firſt; let it alone for me.

EPITAPH UPON DR. DONNE,

BY ENDY. PORTER.

This decent urn a ſad inſcription wears
Of Donne's departure from us to the ſphears,
And the dumb ſtone with ſilence ſeems to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Expreſt a cauſe to make all joy to ceaſe,
And never let our ſorrows more take eaſe;
For now it is impoſſible to find
One fraught with virtues to enrich a mind.
But why ſhould Death, with a promiſcuous hand,
At one rude ſtroke impoveriſh a land?
Thou ſtrict attorney unto ſtricter Fate,
Didſt thou confiſcate his life out of hate
To his rare parts? or didſt thou throw thy dart
With envious hand at ſome plebeian heart,
And he with pious virtue ſtept between
To ſave that ſtroke, and ſo was kill'd unſeen
By thee? O! 'twas his goodneſs ſo to do,
Which human kindneſs never reach'd unto.
Thus the hard laws of death were ſatisfy'd,
And he left us like orphan-friends, and dy'd.

Now from the pulpit to the people's ears
Whoſe ſpeech ſhall ſend repentant ſighs and tears?
Or tell me, if a purer virgin die,
Who ſhall hereafter write her elegie?
Poets! be ſilent; let your numbers ſleep,
For he is gone that did all fancy keep.
Time hath no ſoul but his exalted verſe,
Which with amazements we may now rehearſe.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Dean Donne! Enough; thoſe words alone
Shew him as fully as if all the ſtone
His church of Paul's contains were thorow inſcrib'd,
Or all the walkers there to ſpeak him brib'd.
None can miſtake him, for one ſuch as he,
Donne, Dean, or Man, more none ſhall ever ſee.
Not man? no; tho' unto a ſun each eye
Were turn'd, the whole earth ſo to overſpy.
A bold brave word; yet ſuch brave ſpirits as knew
His ſpirit, will ſay it is leſs bold than true.

SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

AWAY! thou changeling motely humouriſt;
Leave me, and in this ſtanding wooden cheſt,
Comforted with theſe few books, let me lye
In priſon, and here be coffin'd when I dye.
Here are God's conduits, grave divines; and here
Is Nature's ſecretary, the philoſopher;
And wily ſtateſmen, which teach how to tye
The ſinews of a city's myſtic body;
Here gathering chroniclers, and by them ſtand
Giddy fantaſtique poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this conſtant company,
And follow headlong wild uncertain thee?
Firſt ſwear by thy beſt love, here in earneſt,
(If thou which lov'ſt all canſt love any beſt)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle ſtreet,
Tho' ſome more ſpruce companion thou doſt meet;
Not tho' a captain do come in thy way
Bright parcel gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
Not tho' a briſk perfum'd pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courteſie to anſwer;
Nor come a velvet juſtice with a long
Great train of blew-coats, twelve or fourteen ſtrong,

Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A ſpeech to court his beauteous ſon and heir?
For better or worſe take me or leave me;
To take and leave me is adultery.
Oh, monſtrous! ſuperſtitious Puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man!
That when thou meet'ſt one with enquiring eyes
Doſt ſearch, and, like a needy broker, prize
The ſilk and gold he wears, and to that rate,
So high or low, doſt raiſe thy formal hat;
That wilt conſort none till thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own;
As tho' all thy companions ſhould make thee
Jointures, and marry thy dear company;
Why ſhouldſt thou (that doſt not only approve,
But in rank itchy luſt deſire and love,
The nakedneſs and barrenneſs t' enjoy
Of thy plump muddy whore or proſtitute boy)
Hate Virtue, tho' ſhe naked be and bare?
At birth and death our bodies naked are;
And till our ſouls be unapparelled
Of bodies they from bliſs are baniſhed.
Man's firſt bleſt ſtate was naked; when by ſin
He loſt that, he was cloath'd but in beaſt's ſkin,
And in this coarſe attire, which I now wear,
With God and with the Muſes I confer.
But ſince thou, like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy ſins, doſt repent

These vanities and giddinesse. lo
I shut my chamber-door, and, Come, let's go.
But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
Worn out by as many several men in fif[illegible]
As are black feathers or musk-colour'd hose;
Name her child's right true father 'mongst all those;
Sooner may one guess who shall bear away
The infantry of London hence to India;
And sooner may a gulling weather-spy,
By drawing forth heav'n's scheme, tell certainly
What fashion'd hats, or ruffs, or suits, next year
Our giddy-headed antick youth will wear,
Than thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show
Whither, why, when, or with whom, thou wouldst
[go.
But how shall I be pardon'd my offence,
That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
Now we are in the street; he first of all,
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall,
And so imprison'd and hemm'd in by me,
Sells for a little state his liberty;
Yet tho' he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine silken painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures
As 'prentices or school-boys, which do know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go;
And as fiddlers stop lowest at highest sound,
So to the most brave stoops he nigh'st the ground;

But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wiſe politique horſe would heretofore;
Or thou, O Elephant or Ape! wilt do,
When any names the King of Spain to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, Do you ſee
Yonder well-favour'd youth? Which? Oh! 'tis he
That dances ſo divinely. Oh! ſaid I,
Stand ſtill; muſt you dance here for company?
He droop'd, we went, till one (which did excell
Th' Indians in drinking his tobacco well)
Met us; they talk'd; I whiſper'd, Let us go;
It may be you ſmell him not; truly I do.
He hears not me; but on the other ſide
A many-colour'd peacock having ſpy'd,
Leaves him and me: I for my loſt ſheep ſtay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, Him whom I laſt left all repute
For his device in handſoming a ſuit;
To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut and plait,
Of all the court to have the beſt conceit:
Our dull comedians want him; let him go:
But, oh! God ſtrengthen thee; why ſtoop'ſt thou ſo?
Why, he hath travail'd long; no, but to me
Which underſtood none, he doth ſeem to be
Perfect French and Italian. I reply'd,
So is the pox. He anſwer'd not, but ſpy'd
More men of ſort, of parts and qualities.
At laſt his love he in a window ſpies,

And like light dew exhal'd he flings from me,
Violently raviſh'd to his lechery.
Many there were he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and, turn'd out of door,
Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And conſtantly a while muſt keep his bed.

SATIRE II.

Sir, tho' (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town, yet there 's one ſtate
In all ill things ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the reſt.
Tho' poetry indeed be ſuch a ſin
As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in;
Tho', like the peſtilence and old-faſhion'd love,
Riddlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate:
One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,
And ſaves his life) gives idiot actors means,
(Starving himſelf) to live by 's labour'd ſcenes;
As in ſome organs puppits dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears nor their old harms.

Rams and flings now are filly battery;
Piftolets are the beft artillery:
And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becaufe all write, have ftill
Th' excufe for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worft who (beggerly) doth chaw
Others' wit's fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digefted, doth thofe things out-fpue
As his own things: and they're his own, 'tis true;
For if one eat my meat, tho' it be known
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.
But thefe do me no harm, nor they which ufe
To out-do dildoes and out-ufure Jews,
T' out-drink the fea, t' out-fwear the Litany,
Who with fins all kinds as familiar be
As confeffors, and for whofe finful fake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muft make;
Whofe ftrange fins canonifts could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receit they dwell.
But thefe punifh themfelves. The infolence
Of Cofcus only breeds my juft offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on muft make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer, which (alas!) of late
But fcarce a poet, jollier of this ftate
Than are new benefic'd minifters; he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, wherefoe'er he goes,

His title of Barrister on every wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.
A motion, Lady! Speak, Coscus. I have been
In love e'er since *tricesimo* of the Queen.
Continual claims I've made, injunctions got
To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
Proceed; spare me, in Hillary term I went;
You said, if I return'd next 'size in Lent,
I should be in remitter of your grace;
In th' interim my letters should take place
Of affidavits. Words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear
More, more than ten Sclavonians scoldings, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbys rore.
When sick with poetry, and possest with Muse
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
Law-practice for meer gain, bold souls repute
Worse than imbrothell'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear
That only suretiship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lye in every thing,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king;
Like a wedge in a block wring to the bar,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless far
Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor

Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th' sea) he 'll compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand;
And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuff,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuff
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year
(Reliquely kept) perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurances big as gloss'd Civil laws;
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
These he writes not, nor for these written pays,
Therefore spares no length, (as in those first days,
When Luther was profest, he did desire
Short Pater-nosters, saying, as a fryer,
Each day his beads: but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer the power and glory clause)
But when he sells or changes land, h' impairs
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires*,
And slily, as any commenter, goes by
Hard words or senses; or in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out [doubt.
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the

Where are thoſe ſpread woods which cloth'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In halls
Carthuſian faſts and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs;
None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh!) w' allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatute-laws.

SATIRE III.

Kind pity checks my ſpleen; brave ſcorn forbids
Thoſe tears to iſſue which ſwell my eye-lids.
I muſt not laugh nor weep ſins, but be wiſe:
Can railing then cure theſe worn maladies?
Is not our miſtreſs, fair Religion,
As worthy of our ſouls' devotion
As virtue was to the firſt blinded age?
Are not heaven's joys as valiant to aſſwage
Luſts as earth's honour was to them? Alas!
As we do them in means, ſhall they ſurpaſs
Us in the end? and ſhall thy father's ſpirit
Meet blind philoſophers in heav'n, whoſe merit
Of ſtrict life may b' imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught ſo eaſie ways and near

To follow, damn'd? Oh! if thou dar'st, fear this:
This fear great courage and high valour is.
Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay
Thee in ships' wooden sepulchres, a prey
To leader's rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen north-discoveries, and thrice
Colder than salamanders? like divine
Children in th' oven, fires of Spain and the line,
Whose countries limbecks to our bodies be,
Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he
Which cries not Goddess! to thy mistress, draw
Or eat thy poysonous words? courage of straw!
O desperate coward! wilt thou seem bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
Centinel in this world's garrison) thus yield,
And for forbid wars leave th' appointed field?
Know thy foes: the foul devil (he whom thou
Striv'st to please) for hate, not love, would allow
Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and pass,
So the world's self, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this
Dost love a withered and worn strumpet last;
Flesh (itself's death) and joys, which flesh can taste,
Thou lov'st; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.

Seek true religion. O! where? Mirreus,
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seeks her at Rome; there, becaufe he doth know
That fhe was there a thoufand years ago.
He loves the raggs fo, as we here obey
The ftate-cloth where the prince fate yefterday.
Grants to fuch brave loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her only who at Geneva is call'd
Religion, plain, fimple, fullen, young,
Contemptuous, yet unhandfome; as among
Lecherous humours there is one that judges
No wenches wholefome but coarfe country drudges.
Grajus ftays ftill at home here; and becaufe
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Still new like fafhions, bid him think that fhe
Which dwells with us is only perfect, he
Imbraceth her whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as wards ftill
Take fuch wives as their guardians offer, or
Pay values. Carelefs Phrygius doth abhor
All, becaufe all cannot be good; as one
Knowing fome women whores dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that fo
As women do in diverfe countries go
In diverfe habits, yet are ftill one kind,
So doth, fo is Religion; and this blind-
Nefs too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force muft one, and forc'd but one, allow,

And the right; ask thy father which is she;
Let him ask his. Tho' Truth and Falshood be
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is:
Be busie to seek her; believe me this,
He 's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
T' adore or scorn an image, or protest,
May all be bad. Doubt wisely. In strange way
To stand inquiring right is not to stray;
To sleep or run wrong is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and steep, Truth stands; and he that will
Reach her about must, and about it, go,
And what the hill's suddenness resists win so.
Yet strive so that before age, death's twilight,
Thy soul rest; for none can work in that night.
To will implys delay, therefore now do:
Hard deeds the body's pains; hard knowledge to
The mind's endeavours reach; and mysteries
Are like the sun, dazling, yet plain t' all eyes.
Keep the truth which thou hast found; men do not
In so ill case, that God hath with his hand [stand
Sign'd kings' blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but hangmen, to Fate.
Fool and wretch! wilt thou let thy soul be ty'd
To man's laws, by which she shall not be try'd
At the last day? or will it then boot thee
To say a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin, taught me this?
Is not this excuse for meer contraries

Equally ſtrong? cannot both ſides ſay ſo?
That thou may'ſt rightly obey Power, her bounds know;
Thoſe paſt her nature and name's chang'd; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.
As ſtreams are, power is: thoſe bleſt flowers that dwell
At the rough ſtream's calm head thrive and do well;
But having left their roots, and themſelves given
To the ſtream's tyrannous rage, alas! are driven
Thro' mills, rocks, and woods, and at laſt, almoſt
Conſum'd in going, in the ſea are loſt:
So periſh ſouls which more chuſe men's unjuſt
Power, from God claim'd, than God himſelf to truſt.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen.
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to court; but as Glare, which did go
To maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
The hundred marks, which is the ſtatute's curſe,
Before he 'ſcap'd; ſo 't pleas'd my Deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me

As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Ful, as proud, luſtful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way,
Therefore I ſuffer'd this: Towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange than on Nile's ſlime the ſun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than ſeven antiquaries' ſtudies,
Than Africk's monſters, Guiana's rarities;
Stranger than ſtrangers; one who for a Dane
In the Danes' maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,
If he had liv'd then, and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainſt ſtrangers riſe:
One whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One t' whom th' examining juſtice ſure would cry,
Sir, by your prieſthood, tell me what you are.
His cloaths were ſtrange, tho' coarſe, and black, tho' bare;
Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 't was now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall
See it plain raſh a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what t' all ſtates belongs,
Made of th' accents and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt;
But pedant's motley tongue, ſoldier's bombaſt,

Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement;
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, couzen ſubtleſt whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me: I whiſper, God!
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chuſeth me? He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer
For the beſt linguiſt? and I ſillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men? Moſt ſweet Sir! Beza, then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies, I nam'd. Here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid; Nay, your apoſtles were
Good pretty linguiſts; ſo Panergus was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, ſure the tow'r had ſtood.
He adds, If of court-life you knew the good,
You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, Not alone
My loneneſs is, but Spartane's faſhion,

To teach by painting drunkards, doth not laſt
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaſt;
No more can princes' courts, tho' there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.
He, like to a high-ſtretcht lute-ſtring, ſqueakt, O, Sir!
'Tis ſweet to talk of kings! At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abby-tombs,
And for his price doth, with who ever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears ſhall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; the way to it is King's-ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He 's baſe, mechanique coarſe;
So 're all your Engliſh men in their diſcourſe.
Are not your French men neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one, Sir; look, he follows me.
Certes, they 're neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir; I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chaf'd him; but as itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt iron grownd
Into an edge, hurts worſe; ſo I (fool!) found
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtile doth dreſs,
And asks, What news? I tell him of new plays:
He takes my hand, and, as a ſtill which ſtays
A ſemibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loath to inrich me, ſo tells many a lye,

More than ten Hollenſheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſhold traſh he knows. He knows
When the queen frown'd or ſmil'd; and he knows what
A ſubtile ſtateſman may gather of that:
He knows who loves whom, and who by poyſon
Haſts to an office's reverſion:
He knows who 'hath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licenſe old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egg-
Shells to tranſport. Shortly boys ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter or blow-point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome courtier; and, wiſer than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home-meats cloys me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale and ſickly, like a patient, yet
He thruſts on more; and as he 'had undertook
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all ſtates and deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards came to th' loſs of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail, ſo I ſigh and ſweat
To hear this makaron talk in vain; for yet,
Either my humour or his own to fit,
He, like a priviledg'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man:
He names a price for every office paid:
He ſaith, Our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd;
That offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them laſting as far

As the laſt day; and that great officers
Do with the pirats ſhare and Dunkirkers.
Who waſtes in meat, in cloaths, in horſe, he notes;
Who loves whores, who boys, and who goats.
I, more amaz'd than Circe's priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt myſelf then
Becoming traytor, and methought I ſaw
One of our giant ſtatues ope his jaw
To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: therefore I did ſhow
All ſigns of loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine and my forefathers' ſin
To the laſt farthing: therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear this croſs; but th' hour
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'ſcape his torturing,
And ſays, *Sir*, can you ſpare me? I ſaid, Willingly.
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it as ranſom. But as fiddlers ſtill,
Tho' they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigg upon you; ſo did he
With his long complemental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown. Scant
His thanks were ended when I (which did ſee
All the court fill'd with ſuch ſtrange things as he)

Ran from thence with ſuch or more haſte than one
Who fears more actions doth haſte from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs
Of ſuiters at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his who dreamt he ſaw hell did advance
Itſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at court, and worſe, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer; then
Shall I, none's ſlave, of high born or rais'd men
Fear frowns, and my miſtreſs, Truth! betray thee
To th' huffing, braggart, puft nobilitie?
No, no; thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O Sun! in all thy journey vanity
Such as ſwells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy, to ſtand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap nor
Taſte have in them, our's are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks are, their fruits baſtard all.
'Tis ten a clock, and paſt; all whom the Meuſe,
Baloun, tennis, diet, or the ſtews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
In the preſence, and I, (God pardon me!)
As freſh and ſweet their apparels be, as be

The fields they ſold to buy them. For a king
Thoſe hoſe are, crys the flatterer; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates. Me ſeems they do as well
At ſtage as court. All are players; whoe'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide books,
Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
The ladys come. As pirats, which do know
That there came weak ſhips fraught with cochineal,
The men board them, and praiſe (as they think) well
Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns I thought
This cauſe: theſe men men's wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all reds which ſcarlets die.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair looſe ſet.
Would n't Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhooe himſelf at door refine,
As if the preſence were a Moſkite; and lift
His ſkirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate?
And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg and waſte to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and ſymmetry
Perfect as circles, with ſuch nicety

As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady, which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests;
So much as at Rome would serve to 'have thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquisition,
And whispers by Jesu so oft', that a
Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away
For saying of our Lady's psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague; they merit it.
But here comes Glorius, that will plague them both,
Who in the other extream only doth
Call a rough carelessness good fashion;
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and tho' his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd, now, I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from gaols to execution go;
Go thro' the Great Chamber (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins?) being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth but queen's man and fine
Living, barrels of beef and flagons of wine,

I shook like a spy'd spy. Preachers! which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare
Drown the sins of this place; for, for me,
Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
To wash the stains away; altho' I yet
(With Machabee' modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

SATIRE V.

Thou shalt not laugh, in this leaf, Muse! nor they
Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
Rules to make courtiers, he being understood
May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?
Frees from the sting of jests all who in extream
Are wretched or wicked; of these two a theam
Charity and Liberty give me. What is he
Who officers' rage and suiters' misery
Can write in jest? If all things be in all,
As I think, since all which were, are, and shall
Be, be made of the same elements,
Each thing each thing implies or represents;
Then man is a world, in which officers
Are the vast ravishing seas, and suiters
Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which to
That which drowns them run: these self reasons do

Prove the world a man, in which officers
Are the devouring ſtomach, and ſuitors
Th' excrements which they void. All men are duſt;
How much worſe are ſuitors, who to men's luſt
Are made preys! O worſe than duſt or worms' meat!
For they eat you now whoſe ſelves worms ſhall eat.
They are the mills which grind you; yet you are
The wind which drives them; and a waſtful war
Is fought againſt you, and you fight it: they
Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
Like wittals; th' iſſue your own ruin is.
Greateſt and faireſt Empreſs! know you this?
Alas! no more than Thames' calm head doth know
Whoſe meads her arms drown, or whoſe corn o'erflow.
You, Sir, whoſe righteouſneſs ſhe loves, whom I,
By having leave to ſerve, am moſt richly
For ſervice paid authoriz'd, now begin
To know and weed out this enormous ſin.
O Age of ruſty Iron! ſome better wit
Call it ſome worſe name, if ought equal it.
Th' Iron Age was when juſtice was ſold; now
Injuſtice is ſold dearer far. Allow
All claim'd fees and duties, gameſters, anon
The money which you ſweat and ſwear for 's gone
Into' other hands. So controverted lands
'Scape, like Angelica, the ſtriver's hands.
If law be in the judge's heart, and he
Have no heart to reſiſt letter or fee,

Where wilt thou appeal? power of the courts below
Flows from the firſt main head; and theſe can throw
Thee, if they ſuck thee in, to miſery,
To fetters, halters. But if th' injury
Steel thee to dare complain, alas! thou go'ſt
Againſt the ſtream, upwards, when thou art moſt go
Heavy and moſt faint; and in theſe labours they,
'Gainſt whom thou ſhouldſt complain, will in thy way
Become great ſeas, o'er which, when thou ſhalt be
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou ſhalt ſee
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before.
All things follow their like, only who have may 'have more.
Judges are gods; and he who made them ſo
Meant not men ſhould be forc'd to them to go
By means of angels. When ſupplications
We ſend to God, to dominations,
Powers, cherubins, and all heaven's courts, if we
Should pay fees, as here, daily bread would be
Scarce to kings; ſo 't is. Would it not anger
A Stoick, a coward, yea, a martyr,
To ſee a purſuivant come in, and call
All his clothes Copes, books Primers, and all
His plate Chalices; and miſ-take them away,
And aſk a fee for coming? Oh! ne'er may
Fair Law's white rev'rend name be ſtrumpeted,
To warrant thefts: ſhe is eſtabliſhed
Recorder to Deſtiny on earth, and ſhe
Speaks Fate's words, and tells who muſt be

Rich, who poor, who in chairs, and who in gaols:
She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
With which she scratcheth suitors. In bodies
Of men, so in law, nails are extremities;
So officers stretch to more than law can do,
As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
Why bar'st thou to yon' officer? Fool! hath he
Got those goods for which erst men bar'd to thee? 80
Fool! twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong and now hungerly
Begg'st right, but that dole comes not till these dy.
Thou hadst much, and law's Urim and Thummim try
Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper
Enough to cloath all the great Charrick's pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese
Than Hammon, when he sold 's antiquities.
O Wretch! that thy fortunes should moralize
Æsop's Fables, and make tales prophesies.
Thou art the swimming dog, whom shadows cozened,
Which div'st, near drowning, for what vanished.

SATIRE VI.

Men write that love and reason disagree,
But I ne'er saw 't exprest as 't is in thee.
Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see;
But thine eyes blind too, there 's no hope for thee.

Thou say'st she's wise and witty, fair and free;
All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it show
By matching her, as she would match her foe;
And wouldst perswade her to a worse offence
Than that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
Reason there's none for thee, but thou may'st vex
Her with example. Say, for fear her sex
Shun her she needs must change: I do not see
How reason e'er can bring that must to thee.
Thou art a match a justice to rejoyce,
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
Dry'd with his threats she'd scarcely stay with thee,
And wouldst th' have this to chuse thee, being free?
Go, then, and punish some soon gotten stuff;
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough
In hating thee. Thou may'st one like this meet;
For spight take her, prove kind, make thy breath sweet:
Let her see she 'hath cause, and to bring to thee
Honest children, let her dishonest be.
If she be a widow, I'll warrant her
She'll thee before her first husband prefer;
And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,
(She'll love thee so) for then thou hadst been dead.
But thou such strong love and weak reasons hast,
Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd.
Yet pause a while, and thou may'st live to see
A time to come wherein she may beg thee.

If thou 'lt not pause nor change, she 'll beg thee now,
Do what she can, love for nothing allow.
Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise,
And when thou art rewarded desert dies.
Now thou hast odds of him she loves; he may doubt
Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
Again, be thy love true, she 'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on 't will be thine;
For tho' thou must ne'er think of other love,
And so wilt advance her as high above
Virtue as cause above effect can be,
'Tis virtue to be chast, which she 'll make thee.

EPITHALAMIONS:

OR,

MARRIAGE SONGS.

AN EPITHALAMION

On Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhyne, and the Lady Elizabeth, being married on St. Valentine's day.

I.

Hail, Biſhop Valentine! whoſe day this is,
All the air is thy dioceſe,
And all the chirping choriſters
And other birds are thy pariſhioners:
Thou marry'ſt every year
The lyrique lark and the grave whiſpering dove;
The ſparrow, that neglects his life for love,
The houſhold bird with the red ſtomacher;
Thou mak'ſt the black-bird ſpeed as ſoon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
The huſband cock looks out, and ſtrait is ſped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more chearfully than ever ſhine;
This day, which might inflame thyſelf, old Valentine!

II.

Till now thou warm'dſt with multiplying loves
Two larks, two ſparrows, or two doves;

All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day coupleſt two phœnixes.
Thou mak'ſt a taper ſee
What the ſun never ſaw, and what the ark
(Which was of fowl and beaſts the cage and park)
Did not contain; one bed contains thro' thee
Two phœnixes, whoſe joyned breaſts
Are unto one another mutual neſts;
Where motion kindles ſuch fires as ſhall give
Young phœnixes, and yet the old ſhall live;
Whoſe love and courage never ſhall decline,
But make the whole year through thy day, O Valentine!

III.

Up then, fair phœnix Bride! fruſtrate the ſun;
Thyſelf from thine affection
Tak'ſt warmth enough, and from thine eye
All leſſer birds will take their jollity.
Up, up, fair Bride! and call
Thy ſtars from out their ſeveral boxes; take
Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds, forth, and make
Thyſelf a conſtellation of them all;
And by their blazing ſignifie
That a great princeſs falls, but doth not die:
Be thou a new ſtar, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder, and be thou thoſe ends.
Since thou doſt this day in new glory ſhine,
May all men date records from this day, Valentine!

IV.

Come forth, come forth! and as one glorious flame
Meeting another grows the same,
So meet thy Frederick, and so
To an unseparable union go;
Since separation
Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but once an disunite;
You're twice inseparable, great, and one
Go then to where the Bishop stays
To make you one; his way, which divers ways
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that y'are one, by hearts and hands made fast,
You two have one way left yourselves t'entwine,
Besides this Bishop's knot of Bishop Valentine.

V.

But, oh! what ails the sun, that hence he stays
Longer to-day than other days?
Stays he new light from these to get?
And finding here such stars is loth to set?
And why do you two walk
So slowly pac'd in this procession?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle and talk?
The feast with gluttonous delays
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise.
The masquers come late, and I think will stay,
Like Fairies, till the cock crow them away.

Alas! did not Antiquity aſſign
A night as well as day to thee, old Valentine?

VI.

They did, and night is come; and yet we ſee
Formalities retarding thee.
What mean theſe ladies, which (as tho'
They were to take a clock in pieces) go
So nicely about the bride?
A bride, before a good-night could be ſaid,
Should vaniſh from her clothes into her bed,
As ſouls from bodies ſteal, and are not ſpy'd.
But now ſhe's laid: what tho' ſhe be?
Yet there are more delays: for where is he?
He comes, and paſſeth thro' ſphear after ſphear;
Firſt her ſheets, then her arms, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night, be thine;
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine!

VII.

Here lies a ſhe ſun, and a he moon there;
She gives the beſt light to his ſphere;
Or each is both, and all, and ſo
They unto one another nothing owe:
And yet they do; but are
So juſt and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs, forbear nor ſtay;
Neither deſires to be ſpar'd nor to ſpare:
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again:

They pay, they give, they lend, and ſo let fall
No occaſion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage, in theſe two do ſhine
Than all thy turtles have, and ſparrows, Valentine!

VIII.

And by this act of theſe two phœnixes
Nature again reſtored is;
For ſince theſe two are two no more,
There's but one phœnix ſtill, as was before.
Reſt now, at laſt, and we
(As Satyrs watch the ſun's upriſe) will ſtay
Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,
Only deſired, becauſe your face we ſee;
Others near you ſhall whiſp'ring ſpeak,
And wagers lay, at which ſide day will break,
And win, by obſerving then whoſe hand it is
That opens firſt a curtain, her's or his.
This will be try'd to-morrow after nine,
Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine!

EPITHALAMION

MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN.

I.

THE sun-beams in the East are spread,
Leave, leave, fair Bride! your solitary bed;
No more shall you return to it alone,
It nurseth sadness; and your bodie's print,
Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint;
You and your other you meet there anon;
Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in these sheets will smother,
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be oft' more nigh.
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

II.

Daughters of London! you which be
Our golden mynes and furnish'd treasurie;
You which are angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of angels on your marriage days,
Help with your presence, and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewel;
Make her for Love fit fuel
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Indie;
So may she, fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

III.

And you, frolique Patricians!
Sons of thoſe ſenators, wealth's deep oceans;
Ye painted Courtiers! barrels of others' wits,
Ye Country men! who but your beaſts love none;
Ye of thoſe fellowſhips, whereof he's one,
Of ſtudy and play made ſtrange hermaphrodite,
Here ſhine; this bridegroom to the temple bring.
Loe! in yon' path which ſtore of ſtrow'd flow'rs graceth,
The ſober virgin paceth;
Except my ſight fail 't is no other thing:
Weep not, nor bluſh, here is no grief nor ſhame;
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

IV.

Thy two-leav'd gates, fair Temple! unfold,
And theſe two in thy ſacred boſom hold,
Till myſtically joyn'd but one they be;
Then may thy lean and hunger-ſtarved womb
Long time expect their bodies and their tomb,
Long after their own parents fatten thee.
All elder claims, and all cold barrenneſs,
All yielding to new loves be far for ever,
Which might theſe two diſſever,
Always all th' other may each one poſſeſs;
For the beſt bride, beſt worthy of praiſe and fame,
To-day puts on perfection and a woman's name.

V.

Winter days bring much delight,
Not for themſelves, but for they ſoon bring night;
Other ſweets wait thee than theſe diverſe meats,
Other diſports than dancing jollities,
Other love-tricks than glancing with the eyes;
But that the ſun ſtill in our half ſphear ſweats;
He flies in winter, but he now ſtands ſtill,
Yet ſhadows turn; noon-point he hath attain'd,
His ſteeds will be reſtrain'd,
But gallop lively down the weſtern hill;
Thou ſhalt, when he hath run the heav'ns half frame,
To-night put on perfection and a woman's name.

VI.

The amorous evening-ſtar is roſe,
Why then ſhould not our amorous ſtar incloſe
Herſelf in her wiſh'd bed? Releaſe your ſtrings,
Muſicians! and, Dancers! take ſome truce
With theſe your pleaſing labours; for great uſe
As much wearineſs as perfection brings.
You, and not only you but all toyl'd beaſt
Reſt duly; at night all their toyls are diſpenc'd;
But in their beds commenc'd
Are other labours, and more dainty feaſts.
She goes a maid who, leſt ſhe turn the ſame,
To-night puts on perfection and a woman's name.

VII.

Thy virgin's girdle now untye,
And in thy nuptial bed (Love's altar) lye
A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossess
Thee of these chains and robes which were put on,
T' adorn the day, not thee; for thou alone,
Like Virtue and Truth, are best in nakedness:
This bed is only to virginity
A grave, but to a better state a cradle;
Till now thou wast but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be said I may be, but I am,
To-night put on perfection and a woman's name.

VIII.

Ev'n like a faithful man, content
That this life for a better should be spent,
So she a mother's rich stile doth prefer,
And at the bridegroom's wish'd approach doth lie,
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
The priest comes on his knees t' imbowel her.
Now sleep or watch with more joy; and, oh! light
Of heav'n! to-morrow rise thou hot and early,
This sun will love so dearly
Her rest, that long, long, we shall want her sight.
Wonders are wrought; for she which had no name
To-night puts on perfection and a woman's name.

ECLOGUE.

DECEMBER 26. 1613.

Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Christmas-time, reprehends his absence from Court at the marriage of the Earl of Somerset: Idios gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his actions there.

ALLOPHANES.

UNSEASONABLE man! statue of ice!
What could to country's solitude entice
Thee in this year's cold and decrepit time?
Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clime
Ev'n smaller birds who by that courage dare
In numerous fleets sail thro' their sea, the air.
What delicacy can in fields appear,
Whilst Flora herself doth a frize jerkin wear?
Whilst winds do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip
Thy madness from thee, and all springs by frost
Having tak'n cold and their sweet murmurs lost?
If thou thy faults or fortunes wouldst lament
With just solemnity, do it in Lent.
At court the spring already advanced is,
The sun stays longer up; and yet not his
The glory is; far other, other fires:
First zeal to prince and state, then Love's desires,
Burn in one breast, and, like heav'n's two great lights,
The first doth govern days, the other nights:

And then that early light which did appear
Before the ſun and moon created were,
The prince's favour, is diffus'd o'er all,
From which all fortunes, names, and natures, fall;
Then from thoſe wombs of ſtars, the bride's bright eyes,
At ev'ry glance a conſtellation flies,
And ſows the court with ſtars, and doth prevent
In light and power the all-ey'd firmament.
Firſt her eyes kindle other ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams, their jewels, luſters riſe,
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good deſire.
Moſt other courts, alas! are like to hell,
Where in dark plots fire without light doth dwell;
Or but like ſtoves, for luſt and envy get
Continual but artificial heat.
Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digeſt,
And make our court an everlaſting Eaſt;
And canſt thou be from thence?
IDIOS. No, I am there:
As heav'n, to men diſpos'd, is ev'ry where;
So are thoſe courts whoſe princes animate
Not only all their houſe but all their ſtate.
Let no man think, becauſe he's full, he 'hath all:
Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal
Not only in fulneſs but capacitie,
Enlarging narrow men to feel and ſee,

And comprehend the bleſſings they beſtow,
So reclus'd hermits oftentimes do know
More of heav'n's glory than a worldling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and men need no farther look;
So 's the country of courts, where ſweet peace doth,
As their own common ſoul, give life to both;
And am I then from court?

ALLOPHANES. Dreamer! thou art:
Think'ſt thou, Fantaſtique! that thou haſt a part
In the Indian fleet, becauſe thou haſt
A little ſpice or amber in thy taſte?
Becauſe thou art not frozen, art thou warm?
Seeſt thou all good, becauſe thou ſeeſt no harm?
The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
Stuff well diſpos'd, and which would fain be gold,
But never ſhall, except it chance to lye
So upward, that Heav'n gild it with his eye.
As for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for beſt civil uſe all tinctures move
From higher powers: from God religion ſprings,
Wiſdom and honour from the uſe of kings;
Then unbeguile thyſelf, and know with me,
That angels, tho' on earth employ'd they be,
Are ſtill in heav'n; ſo is he ſtill at home
That doth abroad to honeſt actions come.

Chide thyself then, O Fool! which yesterday
Might'st have read more than all thy books bewray.
Hast thou a history which doth present
A court where all affections do assent
Unto the king's, and that that king's are just!
And where it is no levity to trust,
Where there is no ambition but t'obey,
Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may;
Where the king's favours are so plac'd, that all
Find that the king therein is liberal
To them, in him, because his favours bend
To virtue, to the which they all pretend!
Thou hast no such, yet here was this, and more;
An earnest lover, wise then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath sued livery,
And is no more in his minority;
He is admitted now into that breast
Where the king's counsels and his secrets rest.
What hast thou lost? O ignorant man!
IDIOS. I knew
All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
To know and feel all this, and not to have
Words to express it, makes a man a grave
Of his own thoughts: I would not therefore stay
At a great feast, having no grace to say;
And yet I 'scap'd not here; for being come
Full of the common joy, I utter'd some.

Read then this Nuptial-song, which was not made
Either the court or men's hearts to invade;
But since I'm dead and buried, I could frame
No epitaph which might advance my fame
So much as this poor Song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

I. THE TIME OF THE MARRIAGE.

Thou art repriev'd, old Year! thou shalt not die,
Tho' thou upon thy death-bed lie,
And shouldst within five days expire;
Yet thou art rescu'd from a mightier fire
Than thy old soul, the sun,
When he doth in his largest circle run.
The passage of the West or East would thaw,
And open wide their easie liquid jaw
To all our ships, could a Promethean art
Either unto the Northern Pole impart
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

II. EQUALITY OF PERSONS.

But, undiscerning Muse! which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple dost thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As her's, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be try'd by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;

If by that manly courage they be try'd
Which ſcorns unjuſt opinion, then the bride
Becomes a man: ſhould chance or envie's art
Divide theſe two, whom Nature ſcarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the loving
heart?

III. RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Tho' It be ſome divorce to think of you
Single, ſo much one are you two,
Let me here contemplate thee
Firſt, chearful Bridegroom! and firſt let me ſee
How thou prevent'ſt the ſun,
And his red foaming horſes doſt outrun;
How, having laid down in thy ſoveraign's breaſt
All buſineſſes, from thence to reinveſt
Them, when theſe triumphs ceaſe, thou forward art
To ſhew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

IV. RAISING OF THE BRIDE.

But now to thee, fair Bride! it is ſome wrong
To think thou wert in bed ſo long;
Since ſoon thou lieſt down firſt, 'tis fit
Thou in firſt riſing ſhould allow for it.
Powder thy radiant hair,
Which if without ſuch aſhes thou wouldſt wear,

Thou who, to all which come to look upon,
Wert meant for Phœbus, wouldst be Phaeton.
For our ease give thine eyes th' unusual part
Of joy, a tear; so quencht, thou may'st impart
To us that come thy' inflaming eyes, to him thy loving heart.

V. HER APPARELLING.

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,
Who can the sun in water see;
So dost thou when in silk and gold
Thou cloud'st thyself; since we which do behold
Are dust and worms, 'tis just
Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
Let ev'ry jewel be a glorious star,
Yet stars are not so pure as their spheares are;
And tho' thou stoop t' appear to us in part,
Still in that picture thou intirely art,
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving heart.

VI. GOING TO THE CHAPEL.

Now from your east you issue forth, and we,
As men which thro' a cypress see
The rising sun, do think it two;
So as you go to church do think of you:
But that veil being gone,
By the church rites you are from thenceforth one.

The church triumphant made this match before,
And now the militant doth ſtrive no more.
Then, reverend Prieſt! who God's recorder art,
Do from his dictates to theſe two impart
All bleſſings which are ſeen, or thought, by angels' eye or heart.

VII. THE BENEDICTION.

Bleſt pair of Swans! oh! may you interbring
Daily new joys, and never ſing:
Live till all grounds of wiſhes fail,
Till honour, yea, till wiſdom, grow ſo ſtale,
That new great heights to trie,
It muſt ſerve your ambition to die.
Raiſe heirs, and may here to the world's end live
Heirs from this king to take thanks, you to give.
Nature and grace do all, and nothing art.
May never age or error overthwart
With any weſt theſe radiant eyes, with any north this heart.

VIII. FEASTS AND REVELS.

But you are over-bleſt: plenty this day
Injures; it cauſeth time to ſtay:
The tables groan, as tho' this feaſt
Would, as the flood, deſtroy all fowl and beaſt.
And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;

For every part to dan[illegible]d revel goes;
They tread the air, and fall not where they rose.
Tho' six hours since the sun to bed did part,
The masks and banquets will not yet impart
A sunset to these weary eyes, a center to this heart.

IX. THE BRIDE'S GOING TO BED.

What mean'st thou, Bride! this company to keep?
To sit up till thou fain would sleep?
Thou may'st not when thou'rt laid do so:
Thyself must to him a new banquet grow;
And you must entertain,
And do all this day's dances o'er again.
Know, that if sun and moon together do
Rise in one point, they do not set so too:
Therefore thou may'st, fair Bride! to bed depart;
Thou art not gone being gone; where'er thou art
Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy
loving heart.

X. THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMING.

As he that sees a star fall runs apace,
And finds a gelly in the place;
So doth the bridegroom haste as much,
Being told this star is faln, and finds her such.
And as friends may look strange
By a new fashion or apparel's change,

Their souls, tho' long acqu[illegible]d they had been,
These clothes their bodies never yet had seen:
Therefore at first she modestly might start,
But must forthwith surrender every part
As freely as each to each before gave either hand or heart.

XI. THE GOOD-NIGHT.

Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt clear,
Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year,
May these love-lamps we here enshrine
In warmth, light, lasting equal the divine!
Fire ever doth aspire,
And makes all like itself, turns all to fire,
But ends in ashes; which these cannot do,
For none of these is fuel, but fire too.
This is joy's bonfire then, where love's strong arts
Make of so noble individual parts,
One fire of four inflaming eyes and of two loving hearts.

IDIOS. As I have brought this song, that I may do
A perfect sacrifice, I'll burn it too.

ALLOPH. No, Sir, this paper I have justly got,
For in burnt incense the perfume is not
His only that presents it, but of all.
Whatever celebrates this Festival
Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
Nor may yourself be priest: but let me go
Back to the court, and I will lay 't upon
Such altars as prize your devotion.

HOLY SONNETS.

I.

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and death before, doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh.
Only thou art above, and when t'wards thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtile foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain:
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou, like adamant, draw mine iron heart.

II.

As due by many titles, I resign
Myself to thee, O God! First I was made
By thee, and for thee; and when I was decay'd
Thy bloud bought that, the which before was thine.
I am thy son, made with thyself to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repay'd,
Thy sheep, thine image; and, till I betray'd
Myself, a temple of thy Spirit divine.

Why doth the devil then uſurp on me?
Why doth he ſteal, nay, raviſh, that's thy right?
Except thou riſe, and for thine own work fight,
Oh! I ſhall ſoon deſpair, when I ſhall ſee
That thou lov'ſt mankind well, yet wilt not chooſe me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to loſe me.

III.

Oh! might theſe ſighs and tears return again
Into my breaſt and eyes which I have ſpent,
That I might, in this holy diſcontent,
Mourn with ſome fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain!
In mine idolatry what ſhow'rs of rain
Mine eyes did waſte? what griefs my heart did rent?
That ſufferance was my ſin I now repent;
'Cauſe I did ſuffer, I muſt ſuffer pain.
Th' hydroptick drunkard, and night-ſcouting thief,
The itchy lecher, and ſelf-tickling proud,
Have th' remembrance of paſt joys for relief
Of coming ills. To (poor) me is allow'd
No eaſe; for long yet vehement grief hath been
Th' effect and cauſe, the puniſhment and ſin.

IV.

Oh! my black ſoul! now thou art ſummoned
By Sickneſs, Death's herald and champion;
Thou'rt like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done

Treafon, and durft not turn to whence he is fled;
Or like a thief, which, till death's doom be read,
Wifheth himfelf delivered from prifon;
But damn'd, and haw'l'd to execution,
Wifheth that ftill he might b' imprifoned:
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canft not lack;
But who fhall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh! make thyfelf with holy mourning black,
And red with blufhing, as thou art with fin;
Or wafh thee in Chrift's bloud, which hath this might,
That, being red, it dies red fouls to white.

V.

I am a little world, made cunningly
Of elements and an angelick fpright;
But black fin hath betray'd to endlefs night
My world's both parts, and (oh!) both parts muft die.
You, which beyond that heav'n, which was moft high,
Have found new fphears, and of new land can write,
Pour new feas in mine eyes, that fo I might
Drown my world with my weeping earneftly,
Or wafh it, if it muft be drown'd no more:
But, oh! it muft be burnt: alas! the fire
Of luft and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler: let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord! with a fierie zeal
Of thee and thy houfe, which doth in eating heal.

VI.

This is my play's laſt ſcene; here Heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's laſt mile; and my race,
Idly yet quickly run, hath this laſt pace,
My ſpan's laſt inch, my minute's lateſt point,
And gluttonous Death will inſtantly unjoynt
My body and ſoul, and I ſhall ſleep a ſpace:
But my' ever-waking part ſhall ſee that face
Whoſe fear already ſhakes my every joynt.
Then as my ſoul to heav'n, her firſt ſeat, takes flight,
And earth-born body in the earth ſhall dwell,
So fall my ſins, that all may have their right,
To where they're bred, and would preſs me to hell.
Impute me righteous; thus purg'd of evil,
For thus I leave the world, the fleſh, the devil.

VII.

At the round earth's imagin'd corners blow
Your trumpets, Angels! and ariſe, ariſe
From death, you numberleſs infinities
Of ſouls, and to your ſcattered bodies go,
All whom th' flood did, and fire ſhall, overthrew;
All whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Deſpair, law, chance, hath ſlain; and you whoſe eyes
Shall behold God, and never taſte death's woe.
But let them ſleep, Lord! and me mourn a ſpace;
For if above all theſe my ſins abound,
'Tis late to aſk abundance of thy grace
When we are there. Here on this holy ground

Teach me how to repent, for that's as good
As if thou 'hadſt ſeal'd my pardon with thy blood.

VIII.

If faithful ſouls be alike glorify'd
As angels, then my father's ſoul doth ſee,
And adds this ev'n to full felicitie,
That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erſtride;
But if our minds to theſe ſouls be deſcry'd
By circumſtances and by ſigns that be
Apparent in us not immediately,
How ſhall my mind's white truth by them be try'd?
They ſee idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And ſtile blaſphemous conjurers to call
On Jeſus' name, and Phariſaical
Diſſemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
O penſive Soul! to God, for he knows beſt
Thy grief, for he put it into my breaſt.

IX.

If poyſonous minerals, and if that tree
Whoſe fruit threw death on (elſe immortal) us;
If lecherous goats, if ſerpents envious,
Cannot be damn'd, alas! why ſhould I be?
Why ſhould intent or reaſon, born in me,
Make ſins, elſe equal, in me more heinous?
And mercy being eaſie and glorious

To God, in his ſtern wrath why threatens he?
But who am I that dare diſpute with thee!
O God! oh! of thine only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heav'nly Lethean flood,
And drown in it my ſin's black memory:
That thou remember them ſome claim as debt,
I think it mercy if thou wilt forget.

X.

Death! be not proud, tho' ſome have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not ſo;
For thoſe whom thou think'ſt thou doſt overthrow
Die not, poor Death! nor yet canſt thou kill me.
From reſt and ſleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleaſure, then from thee much more muſt flow;
And ſooneſt our beſt men with thee do go,
Reſt of their bones, and ſoul's delivery.
Thou 'rt ſlave to Fate, Chance, kings, and deſperate men,
And doſt with poyſon, war, and ſickneſs, dwell,
And poppy' or charms can make us ſleep as well,
And better than thy ſtroke. Why ſwell'ſt thou, then?
One ſhort ſleep paſt we wake eternally;
And death ſhall be no more; Death, thou ſhalt die.

XI.

Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my ſide,
Buffet and ſcoff, ſcourge and crucifie me,
For I have ſinn'd, and ſinn'd, and only he
Who could do no iniquity hath dy'd,

But by my death cannot be ſatisfy'd
My ſins, which paſs the Jews' impietie:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucifie him daily, being now glorify'd.
O let me then his ſtrange love ſtill admire.
Kings pardon, but he bore our puniſhment;
As Jacob came, cloth'd in vile harſh attire,
But to ſupplant, and with gainful intent:
God cloth'd himſelf in vile man's fleſh, that ſo
He might be weak enough to ſuffer woe.

XII.

Why are we by all creatures waited on?
Why do the prodigal elements ſupply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simpler, and further from corruption?
Why brook'ſt thou, ignorant horſe! ſubjection?
Why do you, bull and boar, ſo ſillily
Diſſemble weakneſs, and by one man's ſtroke die,
Whoſe whole kind you might ſwallow 'and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe's me! and worſe than you:
You have not ſinn'd, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater, for to us
Created nature doth theſe things ſubdue;
But their Creator, whom ſin nor nature ty'd,
For us, his creatures and his foes, hath dy'd.

XIII.

WHAT if this preſent were the world's laſt night?
Mark in my heart, O Soul! where thou doſt dwell,
The picture of Chriſt crucify'd, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright;
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light;
Bloud fills his frowns, which from his pierc'd head fell,
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell
Which pray'd forgiveneſs for his foes' fierce ſpight?
No, no; but as in my idolatrie
I ſaid to all my profane miſtreſſes,
Beauty of pity, foulneſs only is
A ſign of rigour, ſo I ſay to thee:
To wicked ſpirits are horrid ſhapes aſſign'd;
This beauteous form aſſumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

BATTER my heart, three-perſon'd God, for you
As yet but knock; breath, ſhine, and ſeek to mend,
That I may riſe and ſtand; o'erthrow me', and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an uſurpt town, to another due,
Labour t' admit you, but, oh! to no end:
Reaſon, your viceroy in me, we ſhould defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue;
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy.

How God the Spirit, by
In heav'n, doth make his temple in thy breaſt.
The Father having begot a Son moſt bleſt,
And ſtill begetting, (for he ne'er begun)
Hath deign'd to chuſe thee by adoption,
Coheir to' his glory', and Sabbath's endleſs reſt:
And as a robb'd man, which by ſearch doth find
His ſtoln ſtuff ſold, muſt loſe or buy 't again;
The Sun of glory came down and was ſlain,
Us, whom he 'had made, and Satan ſtole, t' unbind.
'Twas much that man was made like God before,
But that God ſhould be made like man much more.

XVI.

FATHER, part of his double intereſt
Unto thy kingdom thy Son gives to me;
His joynture, in the knotty Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me his death's conqueſt.
This Lamb, whoſe death with life the world hath bleſt,